

SATYRS

UPON THE

JESUITS:

Written in the YEAR 1679.

And some other

PIECES

By the same

H A N D.

The Third Edition Corrected.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the
Black Bull in Cornhill. 1685.

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RESULTS:

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By Thomas

H. A. N. D.

The Second Edition Continued.

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Printed for Joseph Stansfield, at the
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Advertisement.

THE Author might here (according to the land-
ble custom of Prefaces) entertain the Reader with
a Discourse of the Original, Progress, and Rules
of Satyr; and let him understand, that he has
lately Read Casaubon, and several other Criticks upon the Point;
but at present he is minded to wave it, as a vanity he is in no wise
fond of. His only intent now is to give a brief account of what
he Publishes, in order to prevent what Censures he foresees may
colourably be cast thereupon: And that is, as followeth:

What he calls the Prologue, is in imitation of Persius, who
has prefix'd somewhat by that Name before his Book of Satyrs,
and may serve for a pretty good Authority. The first Satyr he
drew by Sylla's Ghost in the great Johnson, which may be
perceived by some strokes and touches therein, however short they
come of the Original. In the second, he only followed the swinge
of his own Genius. The Design, and some Passages of the
Franciscan of Buchanan. Which ingenious confession he thinks
fit to make, to shew he has more modesty than the common Padders
in *Wit* of these times. He doubts, there may be some few mi-
stakes in Chronology therein, which for want of Books he could
not inform himself in. If the skilful Reader meet with any
such, he may the more easily pardon them upon that score. Whence
he had the hint of the fourth, is obvious to all, that are any
thing acquainted with Horace. And without the Authority of
so great a President; the making of an Image speak, is but an
ordinary Miracle in Poetry. He expects, that some will tax him
of Buffoonery, and turning holy things into ridicule. But let
them Read, how severely Arnobius, Lactantius, Minutius Fe-
lix, and the gravest Fathers, have railly'd the fopperies and
superstitions of the Heathen, and then consider whether those,
which

which he has chosen for his Argument, are not as worthy of laughter. The only difference is that they did it in Prose, as he does in Verse, where perhaps 'tis the more allowable.

As for the next Poem (which is the most liable to censure) tho the world has given it the Name of the Satyr against Vertue, he declares 'twas never design'd so that intent, how apt soever some may be to wrest it. And this appears by what is said after it, and is discernable enough to all, that have the sense to understand it, 'Twas meant to abuse those, who valued themselves upon their Wit and Parts, in praising Vice, and to shew, that others of sober Principles, if they would take the same liberty in Poetry, could strain at high rants in Profaneness as they. As first he intended it not for the publick, nor to pass beyond the privacy of two or three Friends, but seeing it had the Fate to steal abroad in Manuscript, and afterwards in Print, without his knowledge, he now thinks it a Justice due to his own Reputation, to have it come forth without those faults, which it has suffered from Transcribers and the Press blunders, and which make it a worse Satyr upon himself, than upon what it was design'd.

Something should be said too of the last Trifle, if it were worth it. 'Twas occasioned upon reading the late Translations of Ovid's Epistles, which gave him a mind to try what he could do upon a like Subject. Those being already forestall'd, he thought fit to make choice of the same Poet, whereon perhaps he has taken too much liberty. Had he seen Mr. Sandys his Translation before he began, he never durst have ventured: Since he has, and finds reason enough to despair of his undertaking. But now 'tis done, he is loth to burn it, and chooses rather to give somebody else the trouble. The Reader may do as he pleases, either like it, or put it to the use of Mr. Jordan's Works. 'Tis the first attempt, he ever made in this kind, and likely enough to be the last, his vein (if he may be thought to have any) trying another way.

SATYRS

SATYRS

UPON THE JESUITS.

PROLOGUE

FOR who can longer hold? when every *Press*,
The *Bar* and *Pulpit* too has broke the Peace?
When every scribbling *Fool* at the alarms
Has drawn his Pen, and rises up in Arms?
And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,
But vents his gall in *Pamphlet* up and down?
When all with licence *rail*, and who will not,
Must be almost suspected of the *PLOT*,
And bring his *Zeal*, or else his Parts in doubt?

B

In

In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*,
In vain their weak *Artillery* oppose :

Mistaken honest men, who gravely *blame*,
And hope that *gentle Doctrine* should reclaim.
Are *Texts*, and such exploded trifles fit

T'impose, and sham upon a *Jesuit* ?
Would they the dull Old *Fisher-men* compare
With mighty *Suarez*, and great *Escobar* ?

Such thred-bare proofs, and stale *Authorities*
May *Us* poor simple *Hereticks* suffice :

But to a fear'd *Ignatian's* Conscience,
Harden'd, as his own Face, with Impudence,
Whose Faith in contradiction bore, whom Lies,
Nor non-sense, nor Impossibilities,
Nor shame, nor death, nor damning can assail :
Not these mild fruitless methods will avail.

'Tis pointed *Satyr*, and the *sharps* of Wit
For such a *prize* are th' only Weapons fit :
Nor needs there *Art*, or *Genius* here to use,
Where *Indignation* can create a muse :

Should

P R O L O G U E.

Should Parts, and Nature fail, yet very spite
Would make the arrant *st Wild*, or *Withers* write.

It is resolv'd: henceforth an endless War,
I and my Muse with them, and theirs declare;
Whom neither open *Malice* of the *Foes*,
Nor private *Daggers*, nor *St. Omer's Dose*,
Nor all, that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monarchs* fear,
Shall from my vow'd, and sworn revenge deter:

Sooner shall false *Court Favourites* prove just,
And faithful to their *Kings*, and *Countrys* trust:
Sooner shall they detect the tricks of *State*,
And knav'ry, suits, and bribes, and flatt'ry hate:
Bawls shall turn *Nuns*, *Salt D—s* grow chaste,
And *Paint*, and *Pride*, and *Lechery* detest:
Popes shall for *Kings Supremacy* decide,
And *Cardinals* for *Huguenots* be try'd:
Sooner (which is the great'st impossible)
Shall the vile Brood of *Loyola*, and *Hell*
Give o're to Plot, be Villains, and Rebel;

B 3

Than

Than I with utmost spite, and vengeance cease
To prosecute, and plague their cursed race.

The rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Womens Pride*
Contemn'd, and scorn'd, or *proffer'd* lust denied:

The malice of *Religious* angry Zeal,

And all, *cashier'd* resenting *Statesmen* feel:

What prompts dire *Hags* in their own blood to

And sell their very souls to Hell for spite: (write

All this urge on my rank envenom'd spleen,

And with keen Satyr edg my stabbing Pen:

That its each home-set thrust their blood may

Each drop of Ink like *Aquafortis* gnaw. (draw,

Red hot with vengeance thus, I'll brand disgrace

So deep, no time shall e're the marks deface:

Till my severe, and exemplary doom

Spread wider than their guilt, till it become

More dreaded than the *Bor*, and frighten worse

Than damning *Pope's Anathema's*, and curse.

S A T Y R

SATYR.

Garnet's Ghost addressing to the Jesuits, met in private Cabal just after the Murder of Godfrey.

BY Hell 'twas bravely done! what less than this?
 What Sacrifice of meaner worth, and price
 Could we have offer'd up for our success?
 So fare all they, who e're provoke our hate,
 Who by like ways presume to tempt their fate;
 Fare each like this bold meddling *Foul*, and be
 As well secur'd, as well dispatch'd as he;
 Would he were here, yet warm, that we might
 His reaking gore, and drink up ev'ry vein! (drain
 That were a glorious *sanction*, much like thine,
 Great Roman! made upon a like design:

Like thine; we scorn so mean a *Sacrament*,
 To seal, and consecrate our high intent,
 We scorn base Blood should our great League
 cement:

Thou didst it with a slave, but we think good
 To bind our Treason with a bleeding God.

Would it were *His* (why should I fear to name,
 Or you to hear?) at which we nobly aim!

Lives yet that hated *en'my* of our Cause?

Lives *He* our mighty projects to oppose?

Can *His* weak innocence, and Heaven's care

Be thought security from what we dare?

Are you then *Jesuits*? are you so forought?

In all the *Catholic* depths of Treason taught?

In *orthodox*, and *solid* poisoning read?

In each profounder art of killing bred?

And can *you* fail, or bungle in your trade?

Shall one poor *life* your cowardize upbraid?

Tame dastard slaves! who your *profession* shame,

And fix disgrace on our great *Founder's* name.

Think

Think what late *Seditious* (an ignoble crew,
Not worthy to be rank'd in sin with you)
Inspir'd with lofty wickedness, durst do :
How from his Throne they hurl'd a *Monarch* down,
And doubly eas'd him of both Life, and Crown :
They scorn'd in covert their bold act to hide,
In open face of Heav'n the work they did,
And brav'd its vengeance, and its pow'rs defid.
This is his *Son*, and mortal too like him,
Durst you usurp the glory of the crime,
And dare ye not? I know, you scorn to be
By such as *they*, out-done in villany,
Your proper *province*; true, you urg'd them on,
Were engines in the fact, but they alone
Share all the open credit, and renown.

But hold! I wrong our *Church*, and *Cause*, which
need
No foreign instance, nor what others did :
Think on that matchless *Assassin*, whose name
We with just pride can make our happy claim ;

He, who at killing of an *Emperor*,
 To give his poison stronger force, and pow'r
 Mixt a *God* with't, and made it work more sure:
 Blest memory! which shall through Age to come
 Stand sacred in the Lists of *Hell*, and *Rome*.

Let our great *Clement*, and *Ravillac's* name,
 Your Spirits to like heights of sin inflame;
 Those mighty *Souls*, who bravely chose to die
 T'have each a *Royal Ghost* their company.
 Heroick Acts, and worth their tortures well,
 Well worth the suffering of a double Hell,
 That, they felt here, and that below, they feel.

And if these cannot move you, as they shou'd,
 Let me, and my example fire your blood:
 Think on my vast attempt, a glorious deed,
 Which durst the Fates have suffer'd to succeed,
 Had rival'd *Hell's* most proud exploit, and boast,
 Ev'n that, which wou'd the *King of Fates* depos'd,
 Curst be the day, and ne'er in time shou'd,
 And curst the Star, whose spiteful influence rul'd
 The luckless Minute, which my project spoil'd:

Curse

Curse on that *Pow'r*, who, of himself afraid,
My glory with my brave design betray'd :
Justly he fear'd, lest I, who strook so high
In guilt, should next blow up his Realm, and Sky :
And so I had ; at least I would have durst,
And failing, had got off with Fame at worst.

Had you but half my bravery in Sin,
Your work had never thus unfinish'd bin ;
Had I bin Man, and the great Act to do ;
H'ad dy'd by this, and bin what I am now,
Or what *His Father* is : I would leap Hell
To reach *His* Life, tho in the midst I fell,
And deeper than before. ———
Let rabble Souls, of narrow aim, and reach,
Stoop their wile Necks, and dull Obedience preach ;
Let them with slavish aw (disdain'd by me)
Adore the purple Rag of Majesty,
And think't a sacred Relick of the Sky :
Well may such Fools a base Subjection own,
Vassals to every *Ass*, that loads a Throne :

Un-

Unlike the soul, with which proud I was born,
 Who could that meaking thing a *Monarch* scorn,
 Spurn off a *Crown*, and set my foot in spott
 Upon the head, that wore it, trod in dirt.

But say, what is't that binds your hands? do's fear
 From such a glorious action you deter?
 Or is't Religion? but you sure disclaim
 That frivolous pretence, that empty name:
 Meer bugbear word, devis'd by Us to scare
 The senseless rout to slavishness, and fear,
 Ne're know to awe the brave, and those, that dare.
 Such weak, and feeble things may serve for check
 To rein, and curb base-mettled *Hereticks*,
 Dull creatures, whose nice bogling consciences
 Startle, or strain at such slight crimes as these;
 Such, whom fond inbred honesty befools,
 Or that old musty piece the *Bible* gulls:
 That hated *Book*, the bulwark of our *foes*,
 Whereby they still uphold their tottering cause.

Let

Let no such toys mislead you from the road
Of glory, nor infect your Souls with good
Let never bold inreaching Virtue dare
With her grim holy face to enter there,
No, nor in very *Dreams* have only will
Like *Fiends*, and *Me* to covet, and astill;
Let true substantial wickedness take place,
Usurp, and Reign, let it the very trace
(If any yet be left) of good deface.
If ever qualms of inward cowardice
(The things, which some dull Sots call conscience)
rise,
Let them in streams of Blood, and slaughter drown,
Or with new weights of guilt still press 'em down
Shame, Faith, Religion, Honor, Loyalty,
Nature it self, whatever checks there be
To loose, and uncontroll'd impiety,
Be all extinct in you; own no remorse
But that you've balk'd a sin, have been no worse,
Or too much pity shewn.

Be diligent in Mischief's Trade, be each
 Performing as a *Devil*; nor stick to reach
 At Crimes most dangerous; where bold despair,
 Mad lust, and heedless blind revenge would ne'er
 Ev'n look, march you without a blush, or fear,
 Inflam'd by all the hazards, that oppose,
 And firm, as burning *Martyrs*, to your Cause.

Then you're true *Jesuits*, then you're fit to be
 Disciples of great *Boysia*, and *Me*,
 Worthy to undertake, worthy a Plot,
 Like *this*, and fit to scourge an *Huguenot*.

Plagues on that Name! may swift confusion
 Seize, and swallow up the cursed Name!

And utterly blot out the cursed Race:
 Thrice damn'd be that *Apostate Monk*, from whom
 Sprung first these *Enemies* of *Us*, and *Rome*,
 Whose poisonous Filth, drop from ingend'ring
 Brain,

By monstrous Birth did the vile *Isle* spawn,
 Which now infest each Country, and defile
 With their o'respreading swarms this goodly *Isle*,

Once

Once it was ours, and subject to our Yoke,
Till a late reigning Witch the Enchantment broke:
It shall again: *Hell* and I say't: have ye
But courage to make good the Prophecie:
Not Fate it self shall hinder.—

Too sparing was the time, too mild the day,
When our great *Mary* bore the *English* sway,
Unqueen-like pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,
Nor was her *Purple* dy'd enough in Gore.

Four, or five hundred, such like petty sum
Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome*,
Scarce worth the naming: had I had the Pow'r,
Or been thought fit t'have been her *Counsellor*,
She shou'd have rais'd it to a nobler score.
Big *Bonfires* should have blaz'd, and shone each day,
To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our way:
And when 'twas dark, in every Lane, and Street
Thick flaming *Hereticks* should serve to light
And save the needless Charge of *Links* by night:

Smith-

Smithfield should still have kept a constant fire,
Which never should be quench'd, never expire,
But with the lives of all the *miserable rout*,
Till the last gasping breath had blown it out.

So *Nero* did, such was the prudent course
Taken by all his mighty Successors,
To tame like *Hereticks* of old by force:
They scorn'd dull reason, and pedantick rules
To conquer, and reduce the harden'd *Fools*:
Racks, Gibbets, Halsters were their arguments,
Which did most undeniably convince:
Grave bearded *Lions* manag'd the dispute,
And reverend *Bears* their Doctrines did confute:
And all, who would stand out in stiff defence,
They gently *claw'd*, and *worried* into sense:
Better than all our *Sorben* dotards now,
Who would by dint of words our *Foes* subdue:
This was the rigid *Discipline* of old,
Which modern sets for *Persecution* hold:

upon the Jesuits.

11

Of which dull *Annalists* in story tell
Strange *Legends*, and huge bulky *Volumes* swell
With *Martyr'd Fools*, that lost their way to Hell.

From these, our *Church's* glorious *Ancestors*,
We've learnt our arts, and made their *Methods*
ours:

Nor have we come behind, the least degree;
In acts of rough and manly cruelty:

Converting Faggots, and the pow'rful stake,
And Sword resistless our *Apostles* make.

This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus
Were all the num'rous *Proselytes* of *Huss*
Crush'd with their head: So *Waldo's* cursed rout,
And those of *Wickliff* here were rooted out, (chose,
Their names scarce left.—Sure were the means, we
And wrought prevailingly: *Fire* purg'd the dross
Of those foul *Heresies*, and sovereign *Steel*
Lopt off th' infected Limbs the *Church* to heal.

Renown'd was that *French Brave*, renown'd his
A deed, for which the day deserves its *red* (deed,
Far more than for a paltry *Saint*, that died:

How

(How goodly was the Sight ! how fine the Show
 When *Paris* saw through all its Channels flow
 The blood of *Huguenots* ; when the full *Seine*,
 Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o're-ran !
 He scorn'd like common Murderers to deal
 By parcels, and piecemeal ; he scorn'd Retail
 Ith' Trace of Death : whole Myriads died by
 th' great,
 Soon as one single life ; so quick their Fate,
 Their very Pray'rs, and Wishes came too late.

This a *King* did : and great, and mighty 'twas.
 Worthy his high Degree, and Pow'r, and Place,
 And worthy our *Religion*, and our *Cause* :
 Unmatch'd 'thad been, had not *Mac-quire* arose,
 The bold *Mac-quire* (who, read in modern Fame,
 Can be a Stranger to his Worth, and Name ?)
 Born to out-sin a *Monarch*, born to Reign
 In Guilt, and all Competitors disdain :
 Dread memory ! whose each mention still can make
 Pale *Hereticks* with trembling Horror quake.

Tunde

T'undo a *Kingdom*, to atchieve a crime
 Like his; who would not fall and die like him?
 Never had *Rome* a nobler service done,
 Never had *Hell*; each day came throning down
 Vast shoals of Ghosts, and *mine* was pleas'd, & glad,
 And smil'd, when it the brave revenge survey'd:
 Nor do I mention these great Instances
 For bounds, and limits to your wickedness:
 Dare you beyond, something out of the road
 Of all example, where none yet have trod,
 Nor shall hereafter: what mad *Catiline*
 Durst never think, nor's madder *Poet* feign.
 Make the poor baffled *Pagan Fool* confess,
 How much a *Christian Crime* can conquer his:
 How far in gallant mischief overcome,
 The old must yield to new, and modern *Rome*.
 Mix *Ills* past, present, future, in one act;
 One high, one brave, one great, one glorious Fact,
 Which *Hell*, and *very I* may envy—
 Such as a *God* himself might wish to be

A Complice in the mighty villany
And barter's Heaven, and vouchsafe to die.

Nor let Delay (the bane of Enterprize)
Marr yours, or make the great importance miss.
This fact has wak'd your Enemies, and their fears;
Let it your vigour too, your haste, and care.
Be swift, and let your deeds forestall intent;
Forestall ev'n wishes, ere they can take vent,
Nor give the Fates the leisure to prevent.

Let the full Clouds, which a long time did wrap
Your gath'ring thunder, now with sudden clap,
Break out upon your Foes; dash, and confound,
And spread avoidless ruin all around.

Let the fir'd City to your Plot give light;
You raz'd it half before, now raze it quite.
Do't more effectually; I'd see it glow
In flames unquenchable as those below.
I'd see the Miscreants with their houses burn,
And all together into ashes turn.

Bend

Bend next your fury to the curst *Diavol*;
 That damn'd *Committee*, whom the Fates ordain
 Of all our well-laid *Plots* to be the bane.
 Unkennel those *State Foxes*, where they lie
 Working your speedy fate, and destiny.
 Lug by the ears the doting *Prelates* thence,
 Dash *Heresie* together with their Brains
 Out of their shatter'd heads. Lop off the *Lords*
 And *Commons* at one stroke, and let your Swords
 Adjourn 'em all to th' other World—

Would I were blest with flesh and blood again,
 But to be Actor in that happy Scene!
 Yet thus I will be by, and glut my view,
 Revenge shall take its fill, in state I'll go
 With captive *Ghosts* t'attend me down below.

Let these the Handfells of your vengeance be,
 But stop not here, nor flag in cruelty.
 Kill like a Plague, or *Inquisition*; spare
 No Age, Degree, or Sex; only to wear
 A Soul, only to own a Life, be here

Thought crime enough to lose't: no time, nor
Be Sanctuary from your outrages. (place

Spare not in Churches kneeling *Priests* at pray'r,
Tho interceding for you, slay ev'n there.

Spare not young *Infants* smiling at the breast,
Who from relenting Fools their mercy wrest:
Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood.
From thence, & drown 'em in their *Mothers* blood.

Pity not *Virgins*, nor their tender cries,
Tho prostrate at your feet with melting eyes
All drown'd in tears; strike home, as 'twere in *lust*,
And force their begging hands to guide the thrust.
Ravish at th' Altar, kill when you have done,
Make them your Rapes, and Victims too in one.

Nor let gray hoary hairs protection give
To Age, just crawling on the verge of Life:
Snatch from its leaning hands the weak support,
And with it knock't into the grave with sport;
Brain the poor Gripple with his Crutch; then cry,
You've kindly rid him of his misery.

Seal up your ears to Mercy, lest their words
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your Swords
(Their tongues too) down their throats; let 'em
not dare

To mutter for their Souls a gasping Pray'r,
But in the utterance choak'r, and stab it there.

'Twere witty handsom Malice (could you do't)
To make 'em die, and make 'em damn'd to boot.

Make Children by one Fate with Parents die,
Kill ev'n *revenge* in next Posterity :

So you'll be pester'd with no Orphans cries,

No Childless Mothers curse your Memories.

Make Death, and Desolation swim in blood

Throughour the *Land*, with nought to stop the *flood*

But slaughter'd Carcasses; till the whole *Iffe*

Become one *tomb*, become one *fun'ral pile*;

Till such vast numbers swell the countless summ,

That the wide Grave, and wider Hell want room.

Great was that *Tyrants* wish, which should be

Did I not scorn the leavings of a sin; (mine,

Freely I would bestow't on *England* now, (grow,
 That the whole Nation with one neck might
 To be slic'd off, and you to give the blow.
 What neither *Saxon* rage could here inflict,
 Nor *Danes* more savage, nor the barb'rous *Pict*;
 What *Spain*, nor *Eighty Eight* could ere devise,
 With all its *Fleet*, and freight of cruelties;
 What ne'er *Medina* wish'd, much less could dare,
 And bloodier *Alva* would with trembling hear;
 What may strike out dire Prodigies of old,
 And make their mild, and gentler acts untold.
 What Heav'n's Judgments, nor the angry Stars,
 Foreign Invasions, nor Domestick Wars,
 Plague, Fire, nor Famine could effect or do;
 All this, and more be dar'd, and done by you.

But why do I with idle talk delay
 Your hands, and while they should be acting, stay?
 Farewell.—

If I may wait a Pray'r for your success,
 Hell be your aid, and your high projects bless!

May

May that vile Wretch, if any here there be,
That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity;
If any here feel pity, or remorse,
May he feel all, I've bid you act, and worse!
May he by rage of Foes unpitied fall,
And they tread out his hated Soul to Hell.

May's Name, and Carcase rot, expos'd alike to be
The everlasting mark of grinning Infamy.

C 4

SA.

S A T Y R I I.

N Ay, if our sins are grown so high of late,
 That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our fate;
 May't please some milder Vengeance to devise,
 Plague, Fire, Sword, Dearth, or any thing but this,
 Let it rain scalding Showers of *Brimstone* down,
 To burn us, and of old the *lustful Town* :

Let a new *deluge* overwhelm agen,
 And drown at once our Land, our Lives, our Sin.
 Thus gladly we'll compound, all this we'll pay,
 To have this worst of *ills* remov'd away.
 Judgments of other kinds are often sent
 In mercy only, not for punishment;
 But where these light, they shew a Nation's fate
 Is given up, and past for reprobate,

When God his stock of wrath on *Egypt* spent,
 To make a stubborn *Land*, and *King* repent,
 Sparing the rest, had he this one Plague sent;

For

For this alone his People had been quit,

And Pharaoh circumcis'd a *Profelyte*.

Wonder no longer why no *Curse*, like these,
Was known, or suffer'd in the Primitive days:
They never sinn'd enough to merit it, (fit,
'Twas therefore what Heav'n's just pow'r thought
To scourge this latter, and more sinful age
With all the *dreags*, and *squeesings* of his rage.

Too dearly is proud Spain with England quit
For all her loss sustain'd in *Eighty Eight*;
For all the *Ills*, our Warlike *Virgin* wrought,
Of *Drake*, and *Rawleigh* her great Scourges brought.
Ampl'y was she reveng'd in that one birth, (forth;
When Hell for her the *Biscain* Plague brought
Great Counter-plague! in which unhappy we
Pay back her sufferings with full usury:
Than whom alone none ever was design'd
To entail a wider curse on Human kind,
But he, who first begot us, and first sin'd.

Happy

Happy the World had been, and happy Thou,
 (Less damn'd at least, and less accurst than now)
 If early with less guilt in War th'hadst dy'd,
 And from ensuing mischiefs Mankind freed.
 Or when thou view'dst the *Holy Land*, and Tomb,
 Th'hadst suffer'd there thy *brother Traitor's* doom.
 Curs'd be the womb, that with the *Firebrand* teem'd,
 Which ever since has the whole *Globe* inflam'd,
 More curst that ill-aim'd *Shot*, which basely mist,
 Which maim'd a *limb*, but spar'd thy hated *breast*,
 And made th' at once a *Cripple*, and a *Priest*.

But why this wish? The *Church* if so might *Jack*
Champions, good works, and *Saints* for th' *Almanack*,
 These are the *Janizaries* of the Cause,
 The *Life-Guard* of the *Roman Sultan*, chose
 To break the force of *Huguenots*, and *Foes*,
 The Churches *Hawkers in Divinity*,
 Who 'stead of *Lace*, and *Ribbons*, *Doctrine* cry:
Rome's Strowlers, who survey each Continent,
 Its *trinkets*, and *commodities* to vent.

Ex-

Export the Gospel, like mere ware, for sale,
 And truck't for Indigo, and Cutchonal.
 As the known *Factors* here, the *Brethren*, once
 Swopt *Christ* about for *Bedkins*, *Rings*, and *Spoons*.

And shall these great *Apostles* be contemn'd,
 And thus by scoffing Hereticks defam'd?
 They, by whose means both *Indies* now enjoy
 The two choice Blessings, *Pox* and *Poper*?
 Which buried else in ignorance had been,
 Nor known the worth of *Beads*, and *Bellarmino*?

It pitied holy *Mother Church* to see
 A World so drown'd in gross *Idolatry*:
 It griev'd to see such goodly Nations hold
 Bad *Errors* and unpardonable *Gold*.
 Strange! what a zeal can powerful *Coin* infuse!
 What Charity *Pieces of Eight* produce!
 So you were chosen th' fittest to reclaim
 The *Pagan World*, and give't a *Christian* Name,
 And great was the success; whole Myriads stood
 At *Font*, and were baptis'd in their own blood.

Millions

Millions of Souls were hurld from hence to burn
Before their time, be damn'd before their turn.

Yet these were in compassion sent to Hell,
The rest reserv'd in spite, and worse to feel,
Compell'd instead of *Fiends* to worship you,
The more inhumane *Devils* of the two.

Rare way, and method of *Conversion* this,
To make your *Votaries* your Sacrifice!
If to destroy be *Reformation* thought;
A Plague as well might the *good work* have wrought.

Now see we why your *Founder*, weary grown
Would lay his former Trade of *Killing* down;
He found 'twas dull, he found a *Crown* would be
A fitter case, and badge of cruelty.

Each sniv'ling *Hero* Seas of Blood can spill,
When wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill.
Each tiny *Bully* Lives can freely bleed,

When press'd by *Wine*, or *Punk* to knock o'th' head:
Give me your through-pac'd *Rogue*, who scorns
Prompted by poor Revenge, or Injury, (to be
But does it of true inbred cruelty:

Your

Your cool, and sober *Murderer*, who prays,
And stabs at the same time, who one hand has
Stretch'd up to Heav'n, t'other to make the Pass.

So the late *Saints* of blessed memory,
Cut throats in Godly pure sincerity:
So they with lifted hands, and eyes devout,
Said Grace, and carv'd a slaughter'd *Monarch* out.

When the first Traitor *Cain* (too good to be
Thought Patron of this black *Fraternity*)
His bloody Tragedy of old design'd,
One death alone quench'd his revengeful mind,
Content with but a quarter of Mankind:
Had he been *Jesuit*, had he but put on
Their savage cruelty; the rest had gone:
His hand had sent old *Adam* after too,
And forc'd the Godhead to create anew.

And yet 'twere well, were their foul guilt but
Bare sin: 'tis something ev'n to own a fault.
But here the boldest flights of wickedness
Are stamp'd *Religion*, and for currant pass.

The

The blackest, ugliest, horrid'st, damned'st deed,
 For which *Hell flames*, the *Schools* a Title need,
 If done for *Holy Church*; is sanctified.

This consecrates the blessed *Work*, and *Tool*,
 Nor must we ever after think 'em foul.

To undo *Realms*, kill *Parents*, murder *Kings*,
 Are thus but petty trifles, venial things,
 Not worth a *Confessor*; nay, *Heav'n* shall be
 It self involk'd t'abet th' impiety.

Grant, gracious Lord, (*Some Reverend Villain*
 That this the bold Assertor of our Cause (prays)

May with success accomplish that great end,

For which he was by thee, and us design'd.

Do thou t'his Arm, and Sword thy strength im-
 And guide 'em steady to the *Tyrant's* heart. (part;

Grant him for every meritorious thrust

Degrees of bliss above among the Just;

Where holy *Garnet*, and *S. Gay* are plac'd,

Whom works, like this, before have thither rais'd.

Where

upon the Jesuits.

Where they are interceding for us now;
For sure they're there. Yes questionless, and so
Good *Nero* is, and *Dioclesian* too,
And that great ancient Saint *Herostratus*,
And the late godly *Martyr* at *Thoulouse*.

Dare something worthy *Newgate*, and the *Tow'r*.
If you'll be canoniz'd, and Heav'n ensure.
Dull *prim'tive* *Fools* of old! who would be good,
Who would by virtue reach the blest abode:
Far other are the ways found out of late,
Which Mortals to that happy place translate:
Rebellion, Treason, Murder, Massacre,
The chief Ingredients now of *Saint-ship* are,
And *Tyburn* only stocks the *Calendar*.

Unhappy *Judas*, whose ill-fate, or chance
Threw him upon gross times of ignorance;
Who knew not how to value, or esteem
The worth, and merit of a glorious crime!
Should his kind Stars have let him acted now;
H'd dy'd *absolv'd*, and dy'd a *Martyr* too.

Hear'st

Hear't thou, Great God, such daring blasphemy;
 And let't thy patient Thunder still lie by;
 Strike, and avenge, lest impious *Atheists* say,
 Chance guides the world, and has usurp'd thy sway;
 Lest these proud prosp'rous *Villains* too confess,
 Thou'rt senseless, as they make thy Images;
 Thou just, and sacred Pow'r! wilt thou admit
 Such Guests should in thy glorious presence sit?
 If Heav'n can with such company dispence;
 Well did the *Indian* pray, *Might he keep thence!*

But this we only feign, all vain, and false,
 As their own *Legends, Miracles, and Tales*;
 Either the groundless calumnies of spite,
 Or idle rants of Poetry, and Wit.

We wish they were: but you hear *Garnet* cry,
 'I did it, and would do't again; had I
 As much of Blood, as many Lives as *Rome*
 Has spilt in what the *Fools* call *Martyrdom*;
 As many Souls as Sins; I'd freely stake
 All them, and more for *Mother Church's* sake.

For

For that I'll stride o're Crowns, swim through a
Flood,

'Made up of slaughter'd Monarch's Brains, and
'Blood.

'For that no *lives* of *Hereticks* I'll spare,

'But reap 'em down with less remorse, and care

'Than *Tarquin* did the Poppy-heads of old,

'Or we drop Beads, by which our Pray'rs are told.

Bravely resolv'd! and 'twas as bravely dar'd:

But (lo!) the Recompence, and great Reward

The *wight* is to the *Almanack* preferr'd.

Rare motives to be damn'd for holy Cause,

A few *red Letters*, and some *painted straws*!

Fools! who thus truck with Hell by *Mobatra*,

And play their Souls against no stakes away.

'Tis strange with what an holy Impudence

The Villain *caught*, his innocence maintains:

Denies with Oaths the Fact, untill it be

Less guilt to own it than the perjury:

By th' *Mass*, and blessed *Sacraments* he swears,

This *Mary's Milk*, and t'other *Mary's Tears*,

And the whole muster-roll in *Calendars*.

D

Not

Not yet swallow the Falshood? if all this
 Won't gain a resty Faith, he will on's knees
 Th' *Evangelists*, and *Lady's Psalter* kifs.

To vouch the Lye: nay, more, to make it good
 Mortgage his Soul upon't, his Heav'n, and God.
 Damn'd faithless *Hereticks*! hard to convince,
 Who trust no Verdict but dull obvious Sense.
 Unconscionable *Courts*! who *Priests* deny
 Their *Benefit o'th' Clergy*, Perjury.

Room for the *Martyr'd Saints*! behold they come!
 With what a noble Scorn they meet their Doom?
 Not *Knights o'th' Post*, nor often Carted *Whores*
 Shew more of Impudence, or less Remorse.

O glorious, and heroick Constancy!
 That can forswear upon the *Cart*, and die
 With gasping Souls expiring in a Lye.
 None but tame Sheepish *Criminals* repent,
 Who fear the idle Bagbear, Punishment:
 Your Gallant Sinner scorns that Cowardice,
 The poor regret of having done amiss:
 Brave he, to his first Principles still true,

Can

Can face Damnation, Sin with Hell in view:
And bid it take the Soul, he does bequeath,
And blow it thither with his dying breath.

Dare such, as these, profess *Religion's* Name?

Who, should they own't, and be believ'd; would
shame

It's Practice out o'th' World, would *Atheists* make
Firm in their *Creed*, and vouch it at the Stake?

Is *Heav'n* for such, whose Deeds make *Hell* too good,
Too mild a *Penance* for their cursed Brood?

For whose unheard-of Crimes, and damned Sake
Fate must below new sorts of Torture make,

Since, when of old it fram'd that place of Doom,

'Twas thought no guilt, like this, could thither come

Base recreant Souls! would you have Kings
trust you,

Who never yet kept your Allegiance true

To any but *Hell's Prince*? who with more ease

Can swallow down most solemn Perjuries,

Than a *Town-Bullie* common Oaths, and Lies?

Are the *French Harry's* Fates so soon forgot?

Our last blest *Tudor*? or the *Powder-Plot*?

And those fine Streamers, that adorn'd so long
The *Bridge*, and *Westminster*, and yet had hung,
Were they not stoln, and now for *Relicks* gone?

Think *Tories* Loyal, or *Scotch Covenanters*:

Robb'd *Tygers* gentle; courteous, fasting *Bears*:
Atheists devout, and thrice-wrack'd *Mariners*:

Take *Goats* for Chast, and cloister'd *Marmosites*:

For plain, and open two-edg'd *Parasites*:

Believe *Bawds* modest, and the shameless *Stems*,

And binding *Drunkard Oaths*, and *Strumpet's Vows*:

And when in time these Contradiction meet;

Then hope to find 'em in a *Loyolite*:

To whom, tho gasping, should I credit give;

I'd think 'twere Sin, and damn'd like unbelief.

Oh for the *Swedish* Law enacted here!

No Scare-crow frightens like a *Priest-Gelder*,

Hunt them, as *Beavers* are, force them to buy

Their Lives with Ransom of their Lechery.

Or let that wholesome *Statute* be reviv'd,

Which *England* heretofore from *Wolves* reliev'd:

Tax

Tax every *Shire* instead of them to bring

Each Year a certain tale of *Jesuits* in :

And let their mangled *Quarters* hang the *Ile*

To scare all future *Vermia* from the Soil.

Monsters *avaunt* ! may some kind whirlwind sweep

Our Land, and drown these *Locusts* in the deep :

Hence ye loath'd Objects of our Scorn, and Hate

With all the Curses of an injur'd *State* :

Go, foul *Impostors*, to some duller Soil,

Some easier *Nation* with your *Cheats* beguile :]

Where your gross common *Gulleries* may pass,

To *slur*, and *top* on *bubled Consciences* :

Where *Ignorance*, and th' *Inquisition Rules*,

Where the vile Herd of poor *Implicit Fools*

Are damn'd contentedly, where they are led

Blindfold to *Hell*, and thank, and pay their Guide.

Go, where all your black *Tribe* before are gone,

Follow *Chastel*, *Ravillac*, *Clement* down,]

Your *Catesby*, *Faux*, and *Garnet*, thousands more,

And those, who hence have lately rais'd the Score,

Where the *Grand Traitor* now, and all the Crew
Of his *Disciples* must receive their Due :

Where Flames, and Tortures of Eternal Date
Must punish you, yet ne're can expiate :

Learn duller *Feinds* your unknown Cruelties,
Such as no Wit, but yours, could e're devise,

No Guilt, but yours, deserve; make *Hell* confess
It self out-done, its *Devils* damn'd for less.

S A T T R

S A T T R III.

Loyala's Will.

Long had the fam'd Impostor found Success,
 Long seen his damn'd Fraterniti's increase,
 In Wealth, and Power, Mischief, and Guile improv'd,
 By Popes, and Pope-rid Kings upheld, and lov'd:
 Laden with Tears, and Sins, and num'rous Scars,
 Got some i'th' Field, but most in other Wars,
 Now finding Life decay, and Fate draw near,
 Grown ripe for Hell, and Roman Calendar,
 He thinks it worth his Holy Thoughts, and Care,
 Some hidden Rules, and Secrets to Impart,
 The Proofs of long Experience, and deep Art,
 Which to his Successors may useful be
 In conduct of their future Villany.
 Summon'd together, all th' Officious Band
 The Orders of their Bedrid-Chief attend;
 Doubtful, what Legacy he will bequeath,
 And wait with greedy Ears his dying Breath:

D 4

And

With such quick Duty Vassal Fiends below
 To meet commands of their Dread Monarch go,
 On Pillow rais'd, he do's their entrance greet,
 And joys to see the wish'd Assembly meet :
 They in glad Murmurs tell their Joy aloud,
 Then a deep silence fills th' expecting Croud,
 Like Delphick Hag of old, by Fiend possess'd,
 He swells, wild Frenzy, heaves his panting Brest,
 His bristling Hairs stick up, his Eye-Balls glow,
 And from his Mouth long strakes of Drivel flow :
 Thrice with due Rev'rence he himself doth cross,
 Then thus his Hellish Oracles disclose.

Ye firm Associates of my great Design,
 Whom the same Vows, and Oaths, and Order joyn,
 The faithful Band, whom I, and Rome have chose,
 The last Support of our declining Cause :
 Whose Conqu'ring Troops I with Success have led
 'Gainst all Opposers of our Church, and Head ;
 Who e're to the mad German owe their Rise,
 Geneva's Rebels, or the hot-brain'd Swiss ;

Revolted

Revolted Hereticks, who late have broke
And durst throw off the long-worn Sacred Yoke:
You, by whose happy Influence *Rome* can boast
A greater Empire, than by *Luther* lost:
By whom wide Nature's far-stretch'd Limits now,
And utmost *Indies* to its Crozier Bow:

Go on, ye mighty Champions of our Cause,
Maintain our Party, and subdue our Foes:
Kill Heresie, that rank, and pois'nous Weed,
Which threatens now the Church to overspread:
Fire *Calvin*, and his Nest of Upstarts out,
Who tread our Sacred Mitre under Foot;
Stray'd *Germany* reduce; let it no more
Th' Incestuous *Monk* of *Wittemberg* adore;
Make stubborn *Engl.* once more stoop its Crown,
And Fealty to our Priestly Sovereign own:
Regain our Church's Rights, the *Island* clear
From all remaining Dregs of *Wickliff* there.
Plot, Enterprize, contrive, endeavour: spare
No toil, nor Pains: no Death, nor Danger fear:

Restless

Restless your Aims pursue : let no defeat
 Your sprightly Courage, and Attempts rebato,
 But urge to fresh, and bolder, ne're to end
 Till the whole World to our great *Caliph* bend :
 Till he thro' every Nation every where
 Bear Sway, and Reign as absolute, as here :
 Till *Rome* without controul, and Contest be
 The Universal Ghostly Monarchy.

Oh! that kind Heaven a longer Thread would
 give,
 And let me to that happy Juncture live :
 But 'tis decreed!—*at this he paus'd, and wept,*
The rest alike time with his Sorrow kept :
Then thus continued he—Since unjust Fate
 Envies my Race of Glory longer date,
 Yet, as a wounded General, e're he dies,
 To his sad Troops, sighs out his last Advice,
 (Who, tho they must his fatal Absence moan,
 By those great Lessons conquer, when he's gone)
 So I to you my last Instructions give,
 And breath out Counsel with my parting Life :
 Let

Let each to my important words give Ear,
Worth your attention, and my dying Care.

First, and the chiefest thing by me enjoy'd.

The Solemn'st tie, that must your Order bind,

Let each without demur, or scruple pay

A strict Obedience to the *Roman* Sway :

To the unerring Chair all Homage Swear,

Altho a Punk, a Witch, a Fiend sit there,

Who e're is to the Sacred Mitre rear'd,

Believe all Vertues with the place conferr'd :

Think him establish'd there by Heav'n, tho he

Has Altars rob'd for bribes the choice to buy,

Or pawn'd his Soul to Hell for Simony :

Tho he be Atheist, Heathen, *Turk*, or *Jew*,

Blasphemer, Sacrilegious, Perjur'd too :

Tho Pander, Bawd, Pimp, Pathick, Buggerer,

What e're old *Sodom's* Nest of Lechers were :

Tho Tyrant, Traitor, Pois'oner, Parricide,

Magician, Monster, all, that's bad beside :

Fouler than Infamy ; the very Lees,

The Sink, the Jakes, the Common-shore of Vice :

Strait

Strait count him Holy, Vertuous, Good, Devout,
Chast, Gentle, Meek, a Saint, a God, who not?

Make Fate hang on his Lips, nor Heaven have
Pow'r to Predestinate without his leave:
None be admitted there, but who he please,
Who buys from him the Patent for the Place.
Hold those amongst the highest rank of Saints,
Whom e're he to that Honour shall advance,
Tho here the Refuse of the Jail, and Stews,
Which Hell it self would scarce for lumber chuse:
But count all Reprobate, and Damn'd, and worse,
Whom he, when Gout, or Tiffick Rage, shall curse:
Whom he in Anger Excommunicates,
For *Friday* Meals, and abrogating Sprats:
Or in just Indignation spurns to Hell
For jearing Holy Toe, and Pantofle.

What e're he says, esteem for Holy Writ,
And text Apocryphal, if he think fit:
Let arrant Legends, worst of Tales, and Lies,
Falsar than *Capgraves*, and *Voragines*,

Than

Than *Quixot*, *Rablais*, *Amadis de Gaul*,
 Is sign'd with Sacred Lead, and Fisher's Seal
 Be thought Authentick and Canonical.
 Again, if he Ordain't in his Decrees,
 Let very Gospel for meer Fable pass:
 Let Right be wrong, Black White, and Vertue Vice,
 No Sun, no Moon, nor no Antipodes:
 Forswear your Reason, Conscience, & your Creed,
 Your very Sense, and *Enclid*, if he bid.

Let it be held less heinous, less amiss,
 To break all Gods Commands, than one of his:
 When his great Missions call, without delay,
 Without Reluctance readily Obey,
 Nor let your Inmost Wishes dare gainsay:
 Should he to *Bantam*, or *Japan* command,
 Or farthest Bounds of *Southern* unknown Land,
 Farther than Avarice its Vassals drives,
 Thro' Rocks, and Dangers, loss of Blood, and Lives;
 Like great *Xavier's* be your Obedience shown,
 Outstrip his Courage, Glory, and Renown;

Whom

Whom neither yawning Gulphs of deep Despair,
Nor scorching Heats of burning Line could scare;
Whom Seas, nor Storms, nor Wracks could make
refrain

From propagating Holy Faith, and Gain.

If he but nod Commissions out to kill,
But beckon Lives of Hereticks to spill;
Let th' *Inquisition* rage, fresh Cruelties
Make the diſc Engines groan with tortur'd Cries:
Let *Campo Flori* every day be ſtow'd
With the warm Aſhes of the *Lutheran* Brood:
Repeat again *Babemian* Slaughters ore,
And *Piedmont Vallies* drown with floating Gore:
Swifter than Murdering Angels, when they fly
On Errands of avenging Deſtiny.

Fiercer than Storms let looſe, with eager haſte
Lay Cities, Countries, Realms, whole Nature waſt
Sack, Ravish, burn, deſtroy, ſlay, maſſacre,
Till the ſame Grave their Lives, and Names ittem

These are the Rights to our great *Miſty* due,
The ſworn Allegiance of your Sacred Vow:

What else we in our Votaries require,
What other Gift, next follows to enquire.

And first it will our great Advice besir.

What Soldiers to your Lists you ought admit,
To Natives of the Church, and Faith, like you,
The foremost rank of Choice is justly due:

'Mongst whom the chiefest place assign to those,
Whose Zeal has mostly Signaliz'd the Cause.

But let not Entrance be to them deny'd,
Who ever shall desert the adverse Side:

Omit no Promises of Wealth, or Power,
That may inveigled Hereticks allure:

Those, whom great learning, parts, or wit re-
Cajole with hopes of Honours, Scarlet Gowns,
Provincial-ships, and Palls, and Triple Crowns.

This must a Rector, that a Provost be,

A third succeed to the next Abbacy:

Some Princes Tutors, others Confessors

To Dukes, and Kings, and Queens, and Emperors:

These are strong Arguments, which seldom fail,

Which more than all your weak disputes prevail.

Ex-

Exclude not those of less desert, decree
To all Revolters your Foundation free :
To all, whom Gaming, Drunkenness, or Lust,
To Need, and Popery shall have reduc'd :
To all, whom slighted Love, Ambition cross'd,
Hopes often bilk't, and Sought Preferment lost,
Whom Pride, or Discontent, Revenge, or Spite,
Fear, Frenzy, or Despair shall Profelyte :
Those Pow'rful Motives, which the most bring in,
Most Converts to our Church, and Order win.
Reject not those, whom Guilt, and Crimes at home
Have made to us for Sanctuary come :
Let Sinners of each Hue, and Size, and Kind,
Here quick admittance, and safe Refuge find :
Be they from Justice of their Country fled,
With Blood of Murders, Rapes, and Treasons died,
No Varlet, Rogue, or Miscreant refuse,
From Gallies, Jails, or Hell it self broke loose.
By this you shall in Strength, and Numbers grow
And shoals each day to your throng'd Cloister
flow :

So Rome's and Mecca's first great Founders did,
By such wise Methods made their Churches spread:

When shaven Crown, and hallow'd Girdle's
Power

Has dub'd him Saint, that Villain was before;

Enter'd, let it his first Endeavour be

To shake off all remains of Modesty,

Dull sneaking Modesty, not more unfit

For needy flatt'ring Poets, when they write,

Or trading Punks, than for a *Jesuit*:

If any Novice feel at first a blush,

Let Wine, and frequent converse with the Stews

Reform the Fop, and shame it out of Use,

Unteach the puling Folly by degrees,

And train him to a well-bred Shamelessness.

Get that great Gift, and Talent, Impudence,

Accomplish't Mankind's highest Excellence:

'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,

Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate:

E

Gains

Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
 An Aſs a Biſhop, can vil't Blockheads rear
 To wear Red Hats, and fit in Porph'ry Chair.
 'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Senſe,
 Worth, Merit, Honour, Vertue, Innocence.

Next for *Religion*, learn what's fit to take,
 How ſmall a Dram do's the juſt Compond make.
 As much as is by the Crafty *States-men* worn
 For Faſhion only, or to ſerve a turn:
 To bigot Fools its idle Practice leave,
 Think it enough the empty Form to have:
 The outward Show is ſeemly, cheap, and light,
 The Subſtance Cumbersome, of Coſt, and Weight:
 The Rabble judge by what appears to th' Eye,
 None, or but few the Thoughts within Deſcry.
 Make't you an Engine to ambitious Pow'r
 To ſtalk behind, and hit your Mark more ſure:
 A Cloak to cover well-hid *Knavery*,
 Like it, when us'd, to be with eaſe thrown by:
 A ſhifting Card, by which your Courſe to ſteer,
 And taught with every changing *Wind* to veer.

Let

upon the Jesuits.

51

Let no Nice, Holy, Conscientious Ass
Amongst your better Company find place,
Me, and your Foundation to disgrace :
Let Truth be banisht, ragged Vertue fly,
And poor unprofitable Honesty ;
Weak Idols, who their wretched Slaves betray ;
To every Rook, and every Knave a Prey :
These lie remote, and wide from Interest,
Farther than Heaven from Hell, or *East* from *West*,
Far, as they e're were distant from the breast.

Think not your selves t' Austerities confin'd,
Or those strict Rules, which other Orders bind,
To *Capuchins*, *Carthusians*, *Cordeliers*
Leave Penance, meager abstinence, and Prayers:
In lousie Rags let *Begging Fryars* lye,
Content on Straw, or Boards to mortifie:
Let them with Sackcloth discipline their Skins,
And scourge them for their madness, and their Sins:
Let pining *Anchorets* in Grotto's starve,
Who from the Liberties of Nature swerve:

E 2

Who

Who make't their chief *Religion* not to eat,
 And place't in nastiness, and want of Meat:
 Live you in *Luxury*, and pamper'd *Ease*,
 As if whole Nature were your *Caterefs*.
 Soft be your Beds, as those, which Monarch's *Whores*
 Lye on, or *Gouts* of *Bed-rid Emperors*:
 Your *Wardrobes* stor'd with choice of Suits, more
 dear
 Than *Cardinals* on high *Processions* wear:
 With Dainties load your Boards, whose every
 Dish
 May tempt cloy'd *Gluttons*, or *Vitellius Wish*.
 Each fit a longing *Queen*: let richest *Wines*
 With *Mirth* your Heads inflame, with *Lust* your
 Veins:
 Such as the Friends of dying *Popes* would give
 For *Cordials* to prolong their gasping *Life*.
 Ne're let the *Nazarene*, whose Badg, and Name
 You wear, upbraid you with a *Conscious Shame*:

Leave

Leave him his slighted *Homilies*, and *Rules*,
To stuff the *Squabbles* of the wrangling *Schools*;
Disdain, that he, and the poor angling *Tribe*,
Should Laws, and Government to you prescribe:
Let none of those good Fools your *Patterns* make;
Instead of them, the mighty *Judas* take.

Renown'd *Isca*riot, fit alone to be
Th' Example of our great Society:
Whose daring Guilt despis'd the common *Road*,
And scorn'd to stoop at Sin beneath a God.

And now 'tis time I should *In*structions give,
What *Wiles*, and *Cheats* the Rabble best deceive:
Each *Age*, and *Sex*, their different *Passions* wear,
To suit with which requires a prudent Care:
Youth is *Capricious*, *Headstrong*, *Fickle*, *Vain*,
Given to *Lawless* Pleasure, Age to gain:
Old *Wives*, in *Superstition* over-grown,
With *Chimney* Tales, and *Stories* best are won:
'Tis no mean *Talent* rightly to descry,
What several Baits to each you ought apply,

The Credulous, and easie of Belief,
 With *Miracles*, and well-fram'd Lies deceive.
 Empty whole *Surins*, and the *Talmud*: drain
 Saint *Francis*, and Saint *Mahomet's Alcoran*:
 Sooner shall *Popes*, and *Cardinals* want Pride,
 Than you a *Stock* of Lies, and *Legends* need.

Tell how blest *Virgin* to come down was seen,
 Like *Play-House Punk* descending in *Machine*:
 How she writ *Billets Doux*, and *Love-Discourse*,
 Made *Assignations*, *Visits*, and *Amours*:
 How *Hosfs* distress'd, her *Smock* for *Banner* bore,
 Which vanquish'd *Foes*, and murder'd at twelve
 Relate how *Fish* in *Conventicles* met, (Score,
 And *Mackrel* were with Bait of *Doctrine* caught;
 How *Cattel* have *Judicious Hearers* been,
 And *Stones* pathetically cry'd *Amen*:
 How consecrated *Hives* with *Bells* was hung,
 And *Bees* kept *Mafs*, and Holy *Anthems Sung*:
 How *Pigs* to th' *Ros'ry* kneel'd, and *sheep* were
 To bleat *Te Deum*, and *Magnificat*: (taught

How

How *Fly-Flap* of Church-Censure Houses rid
 Of Insects, which at Curse of *Fryer* dy'd :
 How travelling Saints, well mounted on a Switch,
 Ride *Journeys* thro' the *Air*, like *Lapland Witch* :
 And ferrying Cows *Religious Pilgrims* bore
 O're waves with the help of Sail, or Oar.
 Nor let *Xavier's* great *Wonders* pass conceal'd,
 How *Storms* were by th' Almighty *Waser* quell'd ;
 How *zealous Crab* the sacred Image bore,
 And swam a *Cath'lick* to the distant *Shore*
 With Shams, like these, the giddy *Rout* mislead,
 Their *Folly*, and their *Superstition* feed.

'Twas found a good, and gainful Art of Old
 (And much it did our Church's *Pow'r* uphold)
 To feign *Hobgoblins*, *Elves*, and walking *Sprites*,
 And *Fairies* dancing *Salenger* a Nights :
 White Sheets for *Ghosts*, and *Will-a-wisps* have past
 For Souls in *Purgatory* unreleas't.
 And Crabs in Church-Yard crawl'd in *Masquerade*,
 To cheat the Parish, and have *Masses* said.

By this our *Ancestors* in happier Days,
 Did store of Credit, and Advantage raise:
 But now the Trade is fall'n, decay'd, and dead,
 E're since *Contagious Knowledg* has o're-spread:
 With *Scorn* the grinning Rabble now hear tell
 Of *Hecla*, *Patrick's hole*, and *Mongibel*;
 Believ'd no more, than Tales of *Troy*, unless
 In *Countries* drown'd in *Ignorance*, like this.
 Henceforth be wary how such things you feign,
 Except it be beyond the *Cape*, or *Line*:
 Except at *Mexico*, *Brazile*, *Pegu*,
 At the *Molucco's*, *Goa*, or *Pegu*,
 Or any distant, and *Remoter Place*,
 Where they may currant, and unquestion'd pass:
 Where never *poching Hereticks* resort,
 To spring the Lye, and make't their *Game*, and
Spore.

But I forget (what should be *mention'd* most)
Confession, our chief Priviledg, and *Boast*:
 That Staple ware, which ne're returns in vain,
 Ne're balks the *Trader* of expected Gain.

'Tis

'Tis this, that spies through Court-intrigues, and
Admission to the Cabinets of Kings: (brings

By this we keep proud Monarchs at our Becks;

And make our *Foot-stools* of their *Thrones & Necks*:

Give 'em *Commands*, and if they *Disobey*;

Betray them to th' Ambitious Heir a Prey:

Hound the *Officious Curs* on *Hereticks*,

The *Vermin*, which the Church infest, and vex:

And when our turn is serv'd, and *Business* done,

Dispatch 'em for reward, as *useless* grown:

Nor are these half the *Benefits*, and *Gains*,

Which by wise *Manag'ry* accrue from thence:

By this w'unlock the *Miser's* hoarded *Chests*,

And *Treasure*, though kept close, as *States-mens*
Breasts:

This does rich *Widows* to our *Nets* decoy,

Let us their *Jointures*, and themselves enjoy:

To us the *Merchant* does his *Customs* bring,

And pays our *Duty*, tho he cheats his *King*:

To us *Court-Ministers* refund, made great

By *Robbery*, and *Bankrupt* of the *State*:

Ours

Ours is the Soldier's Plunder, Padder's Prize,
 Gabels on Letch'ry, and the Stew's Excise:
 By this our Colledges in Riches shine,
 And vy with *Becket's*, and *Loretto's* Shrine.

And here I must not grudge a word or two
 (My younger Vor'ries) of Advice to you:
 To you, whom Beautie's Charms, and gen'rous Fire
 Of boiling Youth to sports of Love inspire:
 This is your Harvest, here secure, and cheap
 You may the Fruits of unbought Pleasure reap;
 Riot in free, and uncontroll'd delight,
 Where no dull Marriage clogs the Appetite:
 Tast every dish of Lust's variety,
 Which *Popes*, and Scarlet Lechers dearly buy,
 With Bribes, and Bishopricks, and Simony.
 But this I ever to your care commend,
 Be wary how you openly offend:
 Lest scoffing lewd Buffoons descry our Shame,
 And fix disgrace on the great Order's fame.

When the unguarded Maid alone repairs
 To ease the burthens of her Sins, and Cares;

When

When youth in each, and privacy conspire
 To kindle wishes, and besfriend desire;
 If she has practis'd in the Trade before:
 (Few else of Profelytes to us brought o're)
 Little of Force, or Artifice will need:
 To make you in the Victory succeed:
 But if some untaught Innocence she be,
 Rude, and unknowing in the mystery;
 She'll cost more labour to be made comply.
 Make her by Pumping understand the sport,
 And undermine with secret trains the Fort,
 Sometimes as if you'd blame her gaudy dress,
 Her Naked Pride, her Jewels, Point, and Lace;
 Find opportunity her Breasts to press:
 Oft feel her hand, and whisper in her ear,
 You find the secret marks of lewdness there:
 Sometimes with naughty sence her blushes raise,
 And make 'em guilt, she never knew, confess;
 ' Thus (may you say) with such a leering smile,
 ' So Languishing a look your hearts beguile:

' Thus

' Thus with your foot, hand, eye, you tokens speak,
 ' These Signs deny, these Affignations make;
 ' Thus 'tis you clip, with such a fierce embrace
 ' You clasp your Lover to your Breast, and Face:
 ' Thus are your hungry lips with Kisses cloy'd,
 ' Thus is your hand, & thus your tongue employ'd.

Ply her with talk with this: and, if sh' encline,
 To help Devotion, give her *Arctine*

Instead o' th' Rosary: never despair,

She, that to such discourse will lend an Ear.

Tho chaster than cold cloyster'd Nuns she were,

Will soon prove soft, and pliant to your use,

As *Strumpets* on the *Carnaval* let loose.

Credit experience; I have tri'd 'em all,

And never found th' unerring methods fail:

Not *Ovid*, tho 'twere his chief Mastery,

Had greater skill in these *Intrigues*, than I:

Nor *Nero's* learned *Pimp*, to whom we owe

What choice Records of Lust are extant now.

This heretofore, when youth, and sprightly *Blood*

Ran in my *Veins*, I tasted, and enjoy'd:

Ah

Ah those blest days, !—(here the old Lecher smiles,
With sweet remembrance of past pleasures fill'd)
But they are gone ! Wishes alone remain,
And Dreams of Joy, ne're to be felt again :
To abler Youth I now the Practice leave,
To whom this counsel, and advice I give.

But the dear mention of my gayer days
Has made me farther, than I would, digress :
'Tis time we should now in due Place expound,
How guilt is after shrift to be atton'd :
Enjoyn no *sew'r Repentance, Tear, and Grief;*
Eyes weep no cash, and you no profit give :
Sins, tho of the first rate, must punish'd be,
Not by their own, but th' Actor's Quality :
The Poor, whose Purse cannot the Penance bear,
Let whipping serve, bare feet, and shirts of hair :
The richer Fools to *Compostella* send,
To *Rome, Monferrat, or the Holy Land :*
Pet Pardons, and the Indulgence-Office drain
Their Coffers, and enrich the *Pope's* with gain :

Make

Make 'em build Churches, Monasteries found
And dear bought Masses for their crimes compound

Let Law, and Gospel, rigid precepts set,
And make the paths to Bliss rugged, and strait :
Teach you a smooth, an easier way to gain
Heav'n's joys, yet sweet, and useful sin retain :
With every frailty, every lust comply,
T'advance your Spiritual Realm, and Monarchy :
Pull up weak Vertue's fence, give scope and space
And Purlicks to out-lying Consciences :
Shew that the Needle's eye may stretch, and how
The largest Camel-vice may go thro'.

Teach how the *Priest Pluralities* may buy,
Yet fear no odious Sin of Simony.
While Thoughts, and *Ducats* will directed be :
Let Whores adorn his exemplary life,
But no lewd heinous Wife a Scandal give.
Sooth up the *Gandy Atheist*, who maintains
No Law, but Sense, and owns no God, but Chance.
Bid *Thieves* rob on, the *Boisterous Russian* tell,
He may for Hire, Revenge, or Honour kill :

Bid

Bid *Strumpets* persevere, absolve 'em too,
 And take their dues *in kind* for what you do:
 Exhort the painful, and industrious *Bawd*
 To *Diligence*, and *Labour* in her *Trade*:
 Nor think her innocent *Vocation* ill,
 Whose incomes do's the sacred *Treasure* fill:
 Let *Gripping Usurers* Extortion use,
 No *Rapine*, *Falshood*, *Perjury* refuse,
 Stick at no *Crime*, which covetous *Popes* would scarce
Act to enrich themselves, and *Bastard-Heirs*:
 A small *Bequest* to th' *Church* can all attone,
 Wipes off all scores, and *Heav'n*, and all's their own.
 Be these your *Doctrins*, these the truths, you preach,
 But no forbidden *Bible* come in reach:
 Your *Cheats*, and *Artifices* to *Impeach*.
 Lest thence *Lay-Fools* *Pernitious knowledge* get,
 Throw off *Obedience*, and your *Laws* forget:
 Make 'em believ't a spell, more dreadful far,
 Than *Bacon*, *Haly*, or *Albumazar*.
 Happy the time, when th' unpretending *Crowd*
 No more, than I, its *Language* understood!

When

When the worm-eaten Book, link'd to a chain,
 In dust lay mouldring in the *Vatican*;
 Dispis'd, neglected, and forgot, to none,
 But poring *Rabbies*, or the *Sorbon* known:
 Then in full pow'r our *Sovereign Prelate* sway'd,
 By *Kings*, and all the *Rabble World* Obey'd:
 Here humble Monarch at his feet kneel'd down,
 And beg'd the Alms, and Charity of a Crown:
 There, when in *Solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,
 Poor Scepter'd Slaves ran *Henchboys* by his side:
 None, tho in thought, his grandeur durst Blaspheme,
 Nor in their very sleep a *Treason* dream.

But since the broaching that mischievous Piece
 Each *Alderman* a *Father Lombard* is:
 And every *Cit* dares impudently know
 More than a Council, *Pope*, and *Conclave* too.
 Hence the late *Damned Friar*, and all the crew
 Of former *Crawling Sects* their poison drew:
 Hence all the Troubles, Plagues, Rebellions breed,
 We've felt, or feel, or may hereafter dread:

Where

Wherefore enjoyn, that no Lay-coxcomb dare
About him that unlawful Weapon wear;
But charge him chiefly not to touch at all
The dang'rous Works of that old *Lollard, Paul*;
That arrant *Wickliffist*, from whom our Foes
Take all their Batt'ries to attack our Cause;
Would he in his first years had Martyr'd been,
Never *Damascus*, nor the Vision seen;
Then he our Party was, stout, vigorous,
And fierce in chace of Hereticks, like us:
Till he at length, by th' Enemies seduc'd,
Forsook us, and the hostile side espous'd.

Had not the mighty *Julian* met his aims,
These holy Shreds had all consum'd in flames:
But since th' Immortal Lumber still endures,
In spight of all his industry, and ours;
Take care at least it may not come abroad,
To taint with catching Heresie the Crowd:
Let them be still kept low in sence, they'l pay
The more respect, more readily obey.

F

Pray

Pray that kind Heav'n would on their hearts do,
 A bounteous, and abundant Ignorance, (Spence
 That they may never swerve, nor turn awry
 From sound, and Orthodox Stupidity.

But these are obvious things, easie to know,
 Common to every *Monk*, as well as you :
 Greater Affairs, and more important wait
 To be discuss'd, and call for our debate :
 Matters, that depth require, and well besit
 Th' Address, and Conduct of a *Jesuit*. (Throne,
 How Kingdoms are embroil'd, what shakes
 How the first seeds of Discontent are sown
 To spring up in Rebellion ; how are set
 The secret snares, that circumvent a State :
 How bubbled Monarchs are at first beguil'd,
 Trepann'd, and gull'd, at last depos'd, and kill'd.)

When some proud Prince, a Rebel to our
 For disbelieving Holy Church's Creed, (Head,
 And *Peter-pence*, is Heretick decreed ;

And

And by a solemn, and unquestion'd Pow'r
To Death, and Hell, and You deliver'd o're:
Chuse first some dext'rous Rogue, well tri'd, and
known

(Such by Confession your Familiars grown)

Let him by Art, and Nature fitted be
For any great, and gallant Villany,
Practis'd in every Sin, each kind of Vice,
Which deepest Casuists in their searches miss,
Watchful as Jealousie, wary as Fear,
Fiercer than Lust, and bolder than Despair,
But close, as plotting Feinds in Council are.
To him, in firmest Oaths of Silence bound,
The worth, and merit of the Deed propound:
Tell of whole Reams of Pardon, new come o're,
Indies of Gold, and Blessings, endless store;
Choice of Preferments, if he overcome,
And if he fail, undoubted Maryrdom;
And Bills for Sums in Heav'n, to be drawn
On Factors there, and at first sight paid down.

With Arts, and Promises, like these, allure,
And make him to your great design secure.

And here to know the sundry ways to kill,
Is worth the *Genius* of a *Machiavel*:

Cull *Northern* Brains, in these deep Arts unbred,
Know nought but to cut Throats, or knock o'r
No slight of Murder of the subt'lest shape, (Head,

Your busie search, and observation scape:

Legerdemain of Killing, that dives in,

And Juggling steals away a Life unseen:

How gawdy Fate may be in Presents sent,

And creep insensibly by Touch, or Scent:

How Ribbands, Gloves, or Saddle-Pomel may

An unperceiv'd, but certain Death convey;

Above the reach of Antidotes, above the Pow'r

Of the fam'd *Pontick Mountebank* to cure.

What e're is known to quaint *Italian* Spite,

In studied Pois'ning skill'd, and exquisite:

What e're great *Borgia*, or his *Sire* could boast,

Which the Expence of half the Conclave cost.

Thus

Thus may the business be in secret done,
 Nor Authors, nor the Accessories known,
 And the slurr'd guilt with ease on others thrown.
 But if ill Fortune should your Plot betray,
 And leave you to the rage of Foes a prey;
 Let none his Crime by weak confession own,
 Nor shame the Church, while he'd himself atone.
 Let varnish'd Guile, and feign'd Hypocrisies,
 Pretended Holiness, and useful Lies,
 Your well-dissembled Villany disguise.
 A thousand wily Turns, and Doubles try,
 To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry:
 Cog, sham, out-face, deny, equivocate,
 Into a thousand shapes your selves translate:
 Remember what the crafty *Spartan* taught,
 Children with Rattles, Men with Oaths are
 Forswear upon the Rack, and if you fall, (caught:
 Let this great comfort make amends for all,
 Those, whom they damn for Rogues, next Age shall
 Made Advocates i'th Church's Litany. (lee

Who ever with bold Tongue, or Pen shall dare
 Against your Arts, and Practices declare;
 What Fool shall e're presumptuously oppose,
 Your Holy Cheats, and godly Frauds disclose;
 Pronounce him Heretick, Firebrand of Hell,
Turk, *Jew*, Fiend, Miscreant, Pagan, Infidel;
 A thousand blacker Names, worse Calumnies,
 All, Wit can think, and pregnant Spite devise:
 Strike home, gash deep, no Lies, nor Slanders spare,
 A Wound, tho cur'd, yet leaves behind a Scar.

Those, whom your Wit, and Reason can't decry,
 Make scandalous with Loads of Infamy:
 Make *Luther* Monster, by a Fiend begot, (Foot:
 Brought forth with Wings, and Tail, and Cloven
 Make Whoredom, Incest, worst of vice, and shame,
 Pollute, and foul his Manners, Life, and Name.
 Tell how strange Storms usher'd his fatal end,
 And Hell's black Troops did for his Soul contend.

Much more I had to say; but now grown faint,
 And strength, and Spirits for the Subject want:

Be

Be these great Mysteries, I here unfold,
 Amongst your Order's Institutes enroll'd:
 Preserve them sacred, close and unreveal'd;
 As ancient *Rame* her *Sybil's* Books conceal'd:
 Let no bold Heretick with sawcy eye
 Into the hidden-unseen Archives pry;
 Lest the malicious flouting Rascals turn
 Our Church to Laughter, Raillery, and Scorn.
 Let never Rack, or Torture, Pain, or Fear,
 From your firm Breasts th' important Secrets tear.
 If any treach'rous Brother of your own
 Shall to th' World divulge, & make them known,
 Let him by worst of Deaths his Guilt atone.
 Should but his Thoughts, or Dreams suspected be,
 Let him for safety, and prevention die,
 And learn i'th' Grave the Art of Secrecie.

But one thing more, and then with joy I go,
 Nor as a longer stay of Fate below:

Give me again once more your plighted Faith,
And let each seal it with his dying breath :

As the great *Carthaginian* heretofore

The bloody reeking Altar touch'd, and swore
Eternal Enmity to th' *Roman* Pow'r :

Swear you (and let the Fates confirm the same)

An endless Hatred to the *Luth'ran* Name :

Vow never to admit, or League, or Peace,

Or Truce, or Commerce with the cursed Race :

Now, through all Age, when Time, or Place soe're

Shall give you pow'r, wage an immortal War :

Like *Theban* Feuds, let yours your selves survive,
And in your very Dust, and Ashes live.

Like mine, be your last Gasp their Curse.——*At
this*

They kneel, and all the Sacred Volumn kiss ;

Vowing to send each year an Hecatomb

Of Huguenots, an Off'ring to his Tomb.

In vain he would continue ;——Abrupt Death

A Period puts, and stops his impious Breath :

In

*In broken Accents he is scarce allow'd
To faulter out his Blessing on the Crowd,
Amen is eccho'd by Infernal Howl,
And scrambling Spirits seize his parting Soul.*

SATYR

SATYR IV.

S. Ignatius his Image brought in, discovering the Rogueries of the Jesuits, and ridiculous Superstition of the Church of Rome.

ONce I was common Wood, a shapeless Log,
 Thrown out a Pissing-post for ev'ry Dog:
 The Workman yet in doubt, what course to take,
 Whether I'd best a Saint, er Hog-trough make;
 After debate resolv'd me for a Saint,
 And thus fam'd *Loyola* I represent:
 And well I may resemble him, for he
 As stupid was, as much a Block as I.
 My right Leg maim'd, at halt I seem to stand;
 To tell the Wounds at *Pampeluna* sustain'd:

My

My Sword, and Soldiers Armour here had been,
But they may in *Monferrats* Church be seen:

These there to *blest* *Virgin* I laid down
For Cassock, Suringle, and shaven Crown,
The spiritual Garb, in which I now am shown.

With due Accoutrements, and fit disguise
I might for Centinel of Corn suffice:

As once the well-hung *Gad* of old stood guard,
And the invading Crows from Forrage scar'd.

Now on my head the Birds their Relicks leave,
And Spiders in my mouth their Arras weave:

And persecuted Rats oft find in me
A Refuge, and religious Sanctuary.

But you profaner *Hereticks*, who e're
The *Inquisition*, and its vengeance fear,

I charge, stand off, at peril come not near:

None at twelve score untruss, break wind, or piss;

He enters *Fox* his Lifts, that dare transgress:

For

For I'm by Holy Church in Rev'rence had,
And all good Cath'lick Folk implore my aid.

These Pictures, which you see, my Story give,
The Acts, and Monuments of me alive :

That Frame, wherein with Pilgrims weeds I stand,
Contains my Travels to the *Holy Land*.

This me, and my Decemvirate at *Rome*,
When I for Grant of my great Order come.

There with Devotion rapt, I hang in Air,
With Dove (like *Mah'met's*) whisp'ring in my
ear.

Here *Virgin* in Galeth of Clouds descends,
To be my safeguard from assaulting Fiends.

Those Tables by, and Crutches of the lame,
My great Atchievements since my death proclaim:
Pox, Ague, Dropsie, Palsie, Stone, and Gout,
Legions, of Maladies by me cast out,
More than the *College* know, or ever fill
Quacks Wiping-paper, and the Weekly Bill.

What

What *Peter's* shadow did of old, the same
 Is fancied done by my all-powerful Name ;
 For which some wear't about their Necks, and
 Arms,

To guard from Dangers, Sicknesſes, and Harms ;
 And ſome on Wombs the barren to relieve,
 A Miracle, I better did alive.

Oft I by crafty *Jefuit* am taught
 Wonders to do, and many a Juggling Feat.

Sometimes with Chafing-diſh behind me put,
 I ſweat like Clapt Debauch in Hot-Houſe ſhut,
 And drip like any Spitch-cock'd *Huguenot* :

Sometimes by ſecret Springs I learn to ſtir,
 As Paſte-board Saints dance by mirac'loous Wire :

Then I *Tradescant's* Rarities out-do,
Sands Waterworks, and *German* Clockwork too,
 Or any choice Device at *Bartholmew*.

Sometimes I utter Oracles, by *Prieſt*
 Inſtead of a Familiar poſſeſt.

The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,
And cause amazement in the gaping Rout.

Such holy Cheats, such *Hocus* Tricks,
these,

For Miracles amongst the Rabble pass.

By this in their esteem I daily grow,

In Wealth enrich'd, increas'd in Vot'ries too.

This draws each year vast Numbers to my
Tomb,

More than in Pigrimage to *Mecca* come.

This brings each week new Presents to my Shrine

And makes it those of *India* Gods out-shine.

This gives a Chalice, that a Golden Cross,

Another massie Candlesticks bestows,

Some Alter-cloaths of costly work, and price

Plush, Tissue, Ermin, Silks of noblest Dies,

The *Birth*, and *Passion* in Embroideries:

Some Jewels, rich as those, th' *Egyptian* Punk

In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk,

Some

Some offer gorgeous Robes, which serve to wear
When I on Holy days in state appear ;
When I'm in pomp on high Processions shown,
Like Pageants of Lord May'r, or Skimmington.
Lucullus could not such a Wardrobe boast,
Less those of Popes at their Election cost;
Less those, which *Sicily's* Tyrant heretofore
From Plunder'd Gods, and *Jove's* own Shoulders
tore.

Hither, as to some Fair, the Rabble come,
To barter for the Merchandize of *Rome* ;
Where Priests, like Mountebanks, on Stage appear,
T' expose the Frip'ry of their hallow'd Ware :
This is the Lab'ratory of their Trade,
The Shop, where all their staple Drugs are made ;
Prescriptions, and Receipts to bring in Gain,
All from the Church Dispensatories ta'en,
The Pope's Elixir, Holy Waters here,
Which they with Chymick Art distill'd prepare ;

Choice

Choice above *Goddard's Drops*, and all the *Traff*
 Of Modern Quacks; this is that *Sovereign Wash*,
 For fetching Spots, and Morpew from the Face,
 And scowring dirty Cloaths, and Consciences.
 One drop of this, if us'd, had pow'r to fray
 The Legion from the Hogs of *Gadara*:
 This would have silenc'd quite the *Wiltshire Drum*,
 And made the prating Fiend of *Mascon* dumb.

That Vessel consecrated Oyl contains,
 Kept sacred, as the fam'd *Ampoule of France*;
 Which some profaner *Hereticks* would use
 For liquoring Wheels of Jacks, of Boots, and
 Shooes:

This make the Chrism, which mix'd with Snot of
 Priests,

Anoint young Cath'licks for the Church's lists;
 And when they're crost, confest, and die; by this
 Their lanching Souls slide off to endless Bliss:
 As *Lapland Saints*, when they on Broomsticks fly
 By help of Magick Unctions mount the Sky.

Yon Altar-Pix of Gold is the Abode,
 And safe Repository of their God.
 A Cross is fix'd upon't the Feinds to fright,
 And Flies which would the Deity bespight;
 And Mice, which oft might unprepar'd receive.
 And to lewd Scoffers cause of Scandal give.

Here are perform'd the Conjurings and Spells,
 For Christning Saints, and Hawks, and Carriers
 Bells;
 For hall'wing Shreds, and Grains, and Salts, and
 Bawms,

Shrines, Crosses, Medals, Shells, and Waxen Lambs:
 Of wondrous Virtue all (you must believe)

And from all sorts of Ill preservative;
 From Plague, Infection, Thunder, Storm, and Hail,
 Love, Grief, Want, Debt, Sin, and the Devil and all.

Here Beads are blest, and *Pater nosters* fram'd,
 (By some the Tallies of Devotion nam'd)

Which of their Pray'rs, and Oraisons keep tale,
 Lest they, and Heav'n should in the reck'ning fail.

G

Here

Here Sacred Lights, the Altars graceful Pride,
Are by Priests breath perfum'd and Sanctified;
Made some of Wax, of *Her'ticks* Tallow some,
A Gift, which *Irish Emma* sent to *Rome*:
For which great Merit worthily (we're told)
She's now amongst her Country-Saints enroll'd.
Here holy Banners are reserv'd in Store,
And Flags, such as the fam'd *Armado* bore:
And hallow'd Swords, and Daggers kept for use,
When resty Kings the Papal Yoke refuse:
And consecrated Rats-bane, to be laid
For *Her'tick* Vermin, which the Church invade,
But that which brings in most of Wealth, and
Gain,
Does best the Priests swoln Tripes, and Purse
strain;
Here they each Week their constant Auctions hold
Of Reliques, which by Candles Inch are sold:
Saints by the dozen here are set to sale,
Like Mortals wrought in Gingerbread on Stall.

Hither

Hither are loads from emptied Channels brought,
 And Voiders of the Worms from *Sections* bought;
 Which serve for Retail through the World to
 vent,

Such as of late were to the *Savoy* sent :

Hair from the Skulls of dying Strumpets shorn,
 And Felons Bones from rifled Gibbets torn;
 Like those, which some old Hag at midnight
 steals,

For Witchcrafts, Amulets, and Charms, and Spells,
 Are past for Sacred to the Cheap'ning Rout;
 And worn on Fingers, Breasts, and Ears about.

This boasts a Scrap of me, and that a Bit
 Of good St. George, St. Patrick, or St. Kit.

These Locks S. Bridget's were, and those S. Clare's;
 Some for S. Catharine's go, and some for her's
 That wip'd her Saviour's feet, wash'd with her
 tears.

Here you may see my wounded Leg, and here
 Those, which to *China* bore the great Xavier.

Here may you the grand *Traitor's* Halter see,
 Some call't the Arms of the Society :
 Here is his Lanthorn too, but *Faux* his, not,
 That was embezl'd by the *Huguenot*.
 Here *Garnet's* Straws, and *Becket's* Bones, and Hair,
 For mur'd'ring whom, some Tails are said to wear,
 As learned *Capgrave* does record their fate,
 And faithful *British* Histories relate.
 Those are *S. Laurence* Coals expos'd to view,
 Strangely preserv'd, and kept alive till now.
 That's the fam'd *Wildefort's* wondrous Beard,
 For which her Maidenhead the Tyrant spar'd.
 Yon is the *Baptist's* Coat, and one of's Heads,
 The rest are shewn in many a place besides;
 And of his Teeth as many Sets there are,
 As on their Belts six Operators wear.
 Here Blessed *Mary's* Milk, not yet turn'd sour,
 Renown'd (like *Ass'es*) for its healing pow'r,
 Ten *Holland* Kine scarce in a year give more.

Here

Here is her *Manteau*, and a Smock of hers,
 Fellow to that, which once reliev'd *Poitiers*:
 Besides her *Husbands* Utenfils of Trade,
 Wherewith some prove, that Images were made.
 Here is the Soldiers Spear, and Passion-Nails,
 Whose quantity would serve for building *Pauls*:
 Chips, some from Holy Cross, from *Tyburn* some,
 Honour'd by many a *Jesuit's* Martyrdom:
 All held of special, and Mirac'lous Pow'r,
 Not *Tabor* more approv'd for *Agu's* cure:
 Here Shooes, which, once perhaps at *Newgate*
 hung,
 Angled their Charity, that pass'd along,
 Now for *S. Peter's* go, and th' Office bear
 For Priests, they did for lesser Villains there.
 These are the Fathers Implements, and Tools,
 Their gawdy Trangums for inveigling Fools:
 These serve for Baits the simple to ensnare,
 Like Children spirited with Toys at Fair.

Nor are they half the Artifices yet;
 By which the Vulgar they delude, and cheat :
 Which should I undertake, much easier I,
 Much sooner might compute what Sins there be
 Wip'd off, and pardon'd at a *Jubilee*.
 What Bribes enrich the *Datary* each year,
 Or Vices treated on by *Escobar* :
 How many Whores in *Rome* profess the Trade,
 Or greater numbers by Confession made.

One undertakes by Scale of Miles to tell
 The Bounds, Dimensions, and Extent of Hell;
 How far, and wide th' Infernal Monarch Reigns,
 How many *German* Leagues his Realm con-
 tains:

Who are his Ministers, pretends to know,
 And all their several Offices below :
 How many Chaudrons he each year expends
 In Coals for roasting *Huguenots*, and Feinds:

And

And with as much exactness states the case,
As if h'ad been Surveyor of the place.

Another frights the Rout with rufal Stories,
Of Wild *Chimera's*, *Limbo's*, *Purgatories*,

And bloated Souls in smoaky durance hung,
Like a *Westphalia* Gammon, or Neats Tongue,
To be redeem'd with Masses, and a Song.

A good round Sum must the Deliv'rance buy,
For none may there swear out on poverty.

Your rich, and bounteous Shades are only eas'd,
No *Fleet*, or *Kings-Bench* Ghosts are thence releas'd.

A third, the wicked, and debauch'd to please,
Cries up the vertue of Indulgences,

And all the rates of Vices does assess;

What price they in the *holy Chamber* bear,

And Customs for each Sin imported there:

How you at best advantages may buy

Patents for Sacrilege, and Simony,

What Tax is in the Leach'ry-Office laid
On Panders, Bawds, and Whores, that ply the
Trade :

What costs a Rape, or Incest, and how cheap
You may an Harlot, or an Ingle keep ;
How easie Murder may afforded be
For one, two, three, or a whole Family ;
But not of *Her'ticks* ; there no Pardon lacks,
'Tis one o'th' Church's meritorious Acts.

For venial Trifles, less and slighter Faults,
They ne're deserve the trouble of your thoughts.
Ten *Ave. Marias* mumbled to the Cross
Clear scores of twice ten thousand such as those :
Some are at sound of christen'd Bell forgiven,
And some by squirt of Holy Water driven :
Others by Anthems plaid are charm'd away,
As Mea cure Bites of the *Tarantula*.

But nothing with the Crowd does more en-
hance
The value of these holy *Charlatans*,

Than

Than when the Wonders of the Mass they view,
Where spiritual Jugglers their chief Mast'ry shew:
Hey Jingo, Sirs! What's this? 'tis Bread you see;
Presto be gone! 'tis now a Deity.

Two grains of Dough, with Cross, and stamp of
Priest,
And five small words pronounc'd, make up their
Christ.

To this they all fall down, this all adore,
And strait devour, what they ador'd before;
Down goes the tiny *Saviour* at a bit,
To be digested, and at length beshit:

From Altar to Close-Stool, or Jakes preferr'd,
First Wafer, then a God, and then a——

'Tis this, that does the astonish'd Rout amuse,
And Reverence to shaven Crown infuse:

To see a silly, sinful, mortal Wight
His Maker make, create the Infinite.
None boggles at th' impossibility;
Alas, 'tis wondrous Heavenly Mystery!

None

None dars the mighty God-maker blaspheme,
 Nor his most open Crimes, and Vices blame:
 Saw he those hands that held his God before,
 Strait grope himself, and by and by a Whore:
 Should they his aged Father kill, or worse,
 His Sisters, Daughters, Wife, himself too force.

And here I might (if I but durst) reveal
 What pranks are plaid in the Confessional:
 How haunted Virgins have been disposselt,
 And Devils were cast out, to let in Priest:
 What Fathers act with Novices alone,
 And what to Punks in strivings Seats is done;
 Who thither flock to Ghostly Confessor,
 To clear old debts, and tick with Heav'n for more
 Oft have I seen these hallow'd Altars stain'd
 With Rapes, those Pews with Buggeries profan'd:
 Not great *Cellier*, nor any greater Bawd,
 Of note, and lond experience in the Trade,
 Has more, and fouler Scenes of Lust suvey'd.

S A T I R E IV, &c.

291

But I these dang'rous Truths forbear to tell,
For fear I should the Inquisition feel.

Should I tell all their countless Knaveries,
Their Cheats, and Shams, and Forgeries, and Lies.
Their Gildings, Crossings, Gensings, Sprinklings,
Chrisms,

Their Conjurings, and Spells, and Exorcisms;
Their Motly Habits, Maniples, and Stoles,
Albs, Ammits, Rochets, Chimers, Hoods, and
Cowls.

Should I tell all their several Services,
Their Trentals, Masses, Dirges, Rosaries;
Their solemn Poms, their Pageants, and Parades,
Their holy Masks, and spiritual Cavalcades,
With thousand Antick Tricks, and Gambols more;
'Twould swell the sum to such a mighty score,
That I at length should more volum'nous grow,
Than *Crabb*, or *Survins*, lying *Fox*, or *Stow*.

Believe what e're I have related here,
As true, as if 'twere spoke from Porph'ry Chair.

IF

If I have feign'd in ought, or broach'd a Lie,
 Let worst of Fates attend me, let me be
 Pift on by Porter, Groom, and Oyfter-whore,
 Or find my Grave in Jakes, and Common-shore
 Or make next Bonfire for the *Powder-Plot*,
 The sport of every sneering *Huguenot*.

There like a Martyr'd Pope in Flames expire,
 And no kind Catholick dare quench the Fire.

Ande

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyris, & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.*——Juven. Sat.

ODE.

NOW Curses on you all! ye vertuous
Fools,

Who think to fetter free-born souls,
And tie 'em to dull Morality, and rules.

The Sagarite be damn'd, and all the Crew
Of learned Ideots, who his steps pursue;
And those more silly Profelytes, whom his fond
precepts drew.

Oh! had his Ethicks been with their wild Au-
thor drown'd,

Or a like Fate with those lost Writings found,

Which

Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to fire,
And made by unjust Flames expire:

They ne're had then seduc'd Mortality,
Ne're lusted to debauch the World with the
lewd Pedantry.

But damn'd, and more (if Hell can do't) be than
thrice curs'd name,

Who e're the Rudiments of Law design'd,
Who e're did the first Model of Religion frame,
And by that double Vassalage, enthrall'd Mankind
By nought before, but their own Pow'r, or Will
confind:

Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive
Liberty,

And slaves to each capricious Monarch's Tyranny,
More happy Brutes! who the great Rule of Sense
observe,

And ne're from their first Charter swerve.

Happy! whole lives are meerly to enjoy,

And feel no stings of Sin, which may their bliss
annoy.

Still unconcern'd at Epithets of ill, or good,
Distinctions, unadultrate Nature never under
stood.

a. Hence

Hence hated Virtue from our goodly life,

No more our joys beguile ;

No more with thy loath'd presence plague our
happy state,

Thou enemy to all, that's brisk, or gay, or brave
or great,

Be gone with all thy pious meagre Train,

To some unfruitful, unfrequented Land,

And there an Empire gain,

And there extend thy rigorous command :

There where illib'ral Nature's niggardise

Has set a Tax on Vice.

Where the lean barren Region does enhance

The worth of dear Intemperance,

And for each pleasurable sin exacts exise.

We (thanks to Fate) more cheaply can offend,

And want no tempting Luxuries,

No good convenient sinning opportunities,

Which Nature's bounty could bestow, or Heaven's
kindness lend.

Go

Go follow that nice Goddess to the Skies,
 Who heretofore disgusted at increasing Vice,
 Dislik'd the World, and thought it too profane,

And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne're re-
 turn'd again.

Hence to those Airy Mansions rove,

Converse with Saints, and holy folks above;

Those may thy presence woo,

Whose lazy ease affords them nothing else to
 do:

Where naughty scornful I,

And my great Friends will ne're vouchsafe thee
 company.

Thou'rt now an hard, unpracticable good,
 Too difficult for flesh and blood:

Were I all soul, like them, perhaps I'd learn to
 practise thee.

3.

Vertue! thou solemn grave impertinence,

Abhorr'd by all the Men of Wit, and Sense:

Thou

Thoudamn'd Fatigue! that clogst life's journey here,

Though thou no weight of wealth or profit
bear ;

Thou pulling fond Green-sickness of the mind !

That mak'st us prove to our own selves unkind,
Whereby we Coals, and Dirt for diet chuse,

And, Pleasur's better food refuse.

Curst Jilt ! that lead'st deluded Mortals on,

Till they too late perceive themselves un-
done,

Chous'd by a Dowry in reversion,

The greatest Votary, thou e'er couldst boast,

(Pity so brave a Soul was on thy service lost ;

What Wonders he in wickedness had done,

Whom thy weak pow'r could so inspire a-
lone ?)

Tho long with fond amours he courted thee,

Yet dying, did recant his vain Idolatry :

At length, though late, he did repent with
thame,

Forc'd to confess thee nothing, but an empty
name.

H

So

So was that Lecher gull'd, whose haughty love
 Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the
 Gods above :

When he a Goddess thought he had in chase,
 He found a gaudy vapour in the place,
 And with thin Air beguil'd his starv'd
 embrace.

Idly he spent his vigour, spent his blood,
 And tyr'd himself t'oblige an unperforming
 Cloud.

4

If Humane kind to thee e're Worship paid ;
 They were by ignorance misled,
 That only them devout, and thee a Goddess made
 Known haply in the Worlds rude untaught in
 fancy,
 Before it had out-grown its childish innocence,
 Before it had arriv'd at sense,
 Or reach'd the Man-hood, and discretion of De-
 bauchery ;
 Known in those antient goodly duller times,
 When crafty Pagans had engross'd all crime

Who

When Christian Fools were obstinately good,

Nor yet their Gospel-freedom understood.

Tame easie Fops ! who could so prodigally bleed,

To be thought Saints, and dye a Calendar with
with red :

No prudent ~~Heathen~~ e're seduc'd could be,

To suffer Martyrdom for thee :

Only that arrant Ass whom the false Oracle call'd
Wife

(No wonder if the Devil utter'd lies)

That sniveling Puritan, who spite of all the
mode

Would be unfashionably good,

And exercis'd his whining gifts to rail at Vice :

Him all the Wits of *Athens* damn'd,

And justly with Lampoons defam'd :

But when the mad Fanatick, could not silenc'd
be

From broaching dang'rous Divinity ;

The wise Republick made him for prevention die,

And sent him to the Gods, and better com-
pany.

Let fumbling Age be grave, and wise,
 And Vertue's poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,
 Who never knew, or now are past the sweets of
 Vice ;

While we whose active pulses beat
 With lusty youth, and vigorous heat,
 Can all their Beards, and Morals too despise,
 While my plump veins are fill'd with lust and
 blood ;

Let not one thought of her intrude,
 Or dare approach my brest,
 But know 'tis all posselt
 By a more welcome guest :

And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good
 If ever unkind destiny

Shall force long life on me ;
 If e're I must the curse of dotage bear ;
 Perhaps I'll dedicate those dregs of Time
 to her,

And come with Crutches her most humble
 Votary.

When

When sprightly Vice retreats from hence,

And quits the ruins of decayed sense;

She'll serve to usher in a fair pretence,

And varnish with her name a well-dissembled im-
potence,

When Pitsick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Pal-
sies seize,

And all the Bill of Maladies,

Which Heaven to punish over-living Mortals
sends;

Then let her enter with the numerous infirmi-
ties,

Her self the greatest plague, which wrinkles, and
grey hairs attends.

6.

Tell me, ye Venerable Sots, who court her most,

What small advantage can she boast,

Which her great Rival hath not in a greater store
ingroft.

Her boasted calm, and peace of mind

In Wine, and Company we better find,

Find it with Pleasure too combin'd.

H 3

Thus

In mighty Wine, where we our senses steep,
And Lull our Cares, and Consciences a-
sleep :

But why do I that wild *Chimera* name ?

Conscience ! that giddy airy Dream,
Which does from brain sick heads, or ill-digest-
ing stomachs steam.

Conscience ! the vain fantastick fear
Of punishments, we know not when, nor
where :

Project of crafty Statesmen ! to support weak
Law,

Whereby they slavish Spirits awe,
And dastard Souls to forc'd obedience
draw.

Grand Wheadle ! which our Gown'd Impostors
use,

The poor unthinking Rabble to abuse.

Scarecrow ! to fright from the forbidden fruit of
Vice,

Their own beloved Paradise :

Let those vile Canters wickedness decry,

Whose

Whose Mercenary tongues take pay

For what they say ;

And yet commend in practice what their words
deny,

While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,

Their holy Cheats descie

And scorn their Frauds, and scorn their
sanctified Cajoulerie.

7.

None but dull unbred Fools discredit Vice,

Who act their wickedness with an ill grace ;

Such their profession scandalize,

And justly forfeit all that praise ;

All that esteem, that credit, and applause,

Which we by our wise menage from a sin can raise.

A true, and brave transgressor ought

To sin with the same height of spirit, *Cæsar*
fought :

Mean-soul'd offenders now no honours gain,

Only debauches of the nobler strain.

Vice well-improv'd yields bliss, and fame beside,

And some for sinning have been deifi'd.

H 4

Thus

Thus the lewd Gods of old did move,
 By these brave methods to the seats above.
 Ev'n *Jove* himself, the Sovereign Deity,
 Father and King of all th' immortal Progeny,
 Ascended to that high Degree;
 By crimes above the reach of weak Mortality.
 He Heav'n one large Seraglio made,
 Each Goddess turn'd a glorious Punk o'th
 trade;
 And all that Sacred place
 Was fill'd with Bastard-Gods of his own race:
 Almighty Lech'ry got his first reputé,
 And everlasting Whoring was his chiefest At-
 tribute.

8.

How gallant was that Wretch, whose happy guilt
 A Fame upon the Ruins of a Temple built!
 'Let Fools, said he, Impiety alledg,
 'And urge the no great fault of Sacriledg:
 'I'll set the Sacred Pile on flame,
 'And in its Ashes write my lasting Name,

' My name which thus shall be
 ' Deathless as its own Deity.
 ' Thus the vain-glorious *Carian* I'll out-do,
 ' And *Egypt's* proudest Monarchs too ;
 ' Those lavish Prodigals, who idly did consume
 ' Their Lives, and Treasures to erect a Tomb,
 ' And only great by being buried would become :
 ' At cheaper rates than they I'll buy renown,
 ' And my loud Fame shall all their silent glories
 drown.

So spake the daring Hector, so did Prophecie :

And so it prov'd : in vain did envious Spite

By fruitless methods try

To raze his well-built Fame, and Memory

Amongst Posterity :

The *Bontesen* can now Immortal write,

While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite.

9.

Yet greater was that mighty Emperor ;

(A greater crime befitted his high Pow'r)

Who

Who sacrific'd a City to a Jest,

And shew'd he knew the grand intrigues of
humor best :

He made all *Rome* a Bonfire to his Fame,

And sung, and play'd, and danc'd amidst the
Flame ;

Bravely begun ! yet pity there he stay'd,

One step to Glory more he should have made :

He should have heav'd the noble frolick higher,

And made the People on that Fun'ral pile expire

Or providently with their blood put out the Fire,

Had this been done ;

The utmost pitch of glory he had won :

No greater Monument could be

To consecrate him to eternity,

Nor should there need another Herald of his
praise, but me.

10.

And thou, yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our
Isle,

Whom baffled Hell esteems its chiefest Foyl ;

'Twere

'Twere injury should I omit thy name

Whose Action merits all the breath of Fame.

Methinks, I see the trembling shades below

Around in humble reverence bow ;

Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their Loyalty

To their dread Monarch, or to thee :

No wonder he (grown jealous of thy fear'd success)

Envy'd Mankind the honour of thy wickedness,

And spoil'd that brave attempt, which must have
made his grandeur less.

How e're regret not, mighty Ghost,

Thy Plot by treach'rous fortune crost,

Nor think thy well deserved glory lost.

Thou the full praise of Villany shalt ever share,

And all will judge thy Act, compleat enough,
when thou could'st dare,

So thy great Master far'd, whose high disdain

Contemn'd that Heaven, where he could not
Reign,

When he with bold Ambition strove

To usurp the Throne above,

And led against the Deity an armed Train,

Though

Tho from his vast designs he fell,
 O're-power'd by his Almighty Foe,
 Yet gain'd he Victory in his overthrow :
 He gain'd sufficient Triumph, that he durst Re-
 bel,
 And 'twas some pleasure to be thought the
 great'st in Hell.

II.

Tell me, you great Triumvirate, what shall I do
 To be illustrious as you?
 Let your examples move me with a gen'rous fire,
 Let them into my daring thoughts inspire
 Somewhat compleatly wicked, some vast Gyant-
 crime,
 Unknown, unheard, unthought of by all past
 and present time.
 'Tis done, 'tis done; Methinks, I feel the pow'r-
 ful charms,
 And a new heat of sin my spirit warms;
 I travel with a glorious mischief, for whose birth,
 My Soul's too narrow, and weak Fate too feeble
 to bring forth.

Let

Let the unpitied Vulgar tamely go,

And stock for company, the wild Plantations
down below :

Such their vile Souls for viler Barter sell,

Scarcely worth the damning, or their room in
Hell.

We are his Grandees, and expect as much prefer-
ment there,

For our good Service, as on Earth we share.

In them sin is but a meer privative of good,

The frailty, and defect of flesh and blood :

In us 'tis a perfection, who profess

A studied, and elaborate wickedness:

We are the great *Royal Society* of Vice,

Whose Talents are to make discoveries,

And advance Sin like other Arts, and Sciences.

'Tis I the bold *Columbus* only I,

Who must new Worlds in Vice descry,

And fix the pillars of unpassable iniquity.

12.

How sneaking was the first debauch that sin'd

Who for so small a Crime sold humane kind!

Who

How undeserving that high place,

To be thought Parent of our sin, and race,
Who by low guilt our Nature doubly did debase!

Unworthy was he to be thought
Father of the great first born *Cain*, which he begot;

The noble *Cain*, whose bold, and gallant act
Proclaim'd him of more high extract:

Unworthy me,

And all the braver part of his Posterity.

Had the just Fates design'd me in his stead;

I'd done some great, and unexampled deed

A deed, which should decry

The Stoicks dull Equality,

And shew that sin admits transcendency:

A deed, wherein the Tempter should no
share

Above what Heav'n could punish, and
above what he could dare.

For greater crimes than his I would have sell,

And acted somewhat, which might merit
more than Hell,

*An Apology for the foregoing Ode, by way of
Epilogue.*

MY part is done, and you'l, I hope, excuse
Th' extravagance of a repenting Muse,
Pardon what e're she hath too boldly said,
She only acted here in Masquerade.
For the slight Arguments she did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce.
So we Buffoons in Princely dress expose,
Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.
When she an Hector for her Subject had,
She thought she must be Termagant, and mad :
That made her speak like a lewd Punk o'th'
Town,
Who by converse with Bullies wicked grown,
Has learn'd the Mode to cry all Virtue down.
But now the Vizard's off; she changes Scene,
And turns a modest civil Girl agen.

Our

Our Poet has a different taste of Wit,
Nor will to common Vogue himself submit.

Let some admire the Fops whose Talents lie
In venting dull insipid Blasphemy ;

He swears he cannot with those terms dispense,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of sense.

Wit's name was never to profaneness due,

For then you see he could be witty too :

He could Lampoon the State, and Libel Kings,

But that he's Loyal, and knows better things,

Than Fame, whose guilty Birth from Treason
springs.

He likes not Wit, which can't a Licence claim,

To which the Author dares not set his Name.

Wit should be open, court each Reader's eye,

Not lurk in fly unprinted privacy.

But Crim'nal Writers like dull Birds of Night,

For weakness, or for shame avoid the light ;

May such a Jury for their Audience have,

And from the Bench, not Pit, their doom receive.

May

May they the Tow'r for their due merits share;
And a just wreath of Hemp, not Laurel wear:

He could be Bawdy too, and nick the times,
In what they dearly love; Damn'd placket
Rhimes,
Such as our Nobles write——

Whose nauseous Poetry can reach no higher
Than what the Codpiece, or its God inspire.
So lewd, they spend at quill; you'd justly think;
They wrote with something nastier than Ink.

But he still thought that little Wit, or none,
Which a just modesty must never own,
And a meer Reader with a Blush attone.

If Ribauldry deserv'd the praise of Wit,
He must resign to each illit'rate Citt,
And Préntices, and Car-men challenge it.
Ev'n they too can be smart, and witty there;
For all men on that Subject Poets are.

Henceforth he vows, if ever more he find
Himself to the base itch of Verse inclin'd;

I

If

If e're he's given up so far to write;
 He never means to make his end delight:
 Should he do so; he must despair success:
 For he's not now debauch'd enough to please,
 And must be damn'd for want of Wickedness.
 He'l therefore use his Wit another way,
 And next the ugliness of Vice display.
 Tho' against Vertue once he drew his Pen,
 He'l ne're for ought, but her defence agen.
 Had he a Genius, and Poetick rage,
 Great as the Vices of this guilty Age.
 Were he all Gall, and arm'd with store of spight;
 'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write;
 To noble Satyr he'd direct his aim,
 And by't Mankind, and Poetry reclaim,
 He'd shoot his Quills just like a Porcupine
 At Vice, and make them stab in every Line,
 The world should learn to blush,——

And

(115)

And dread the Vengeance of his pointed Wit,
Which worse than their own Consciences should
fright,

And all should think him Heav'ns just Plague, de-
sign'd

To visit for the sins of lewd Mankind.

I 2

THE

And since the vengeance of his pointed
Which would have been a Conscience should
be right.

And all that I think him to be just
To think of him as a just man.

THE

THE
PASSION
OF
BYBLIS
IN
Ovid's Metamorphosis

Imitated in English.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh,* 1685.

THE
PASSION
OF
BYBLIS
IN
Ovid's Metamorphosis

Imitated in English.



L O N D O N
Printed for J. H. 1687.

THE Passion of Byblis

OUT OF
Ovid's Metamorphosis, B. 9. F. 11.

Beginning at

Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puella.

And ending with

Modumque

Exit, & infelix committit saepe repelli.

YOU heedless Maids, whose young,
and tender hearts

Unwounded yet, have escap'd the fa-
tal darts;

Let the sad tale of wretched *Byblis* move,

And learn by her to shun forbidden Love,

Not all the plenty, all the bright resort
 Of gallant Youth, that grac'd the *Carian Court*,
 Could charm the haughty Nymph's disdainful heart,
 Or from a Brother's guilty Love divert;
Caurus she lov'd, not as a Sister ought,
 But Honour, Blood, and Shame alike forgot:
Caurus alone takes up her Thoughts, and Eyes,
 For him alone she wishes, grieves and sighs.

At first her new-born Passion owns no name,
 A glim'ring Spark scarce kindling into flame;
 She thinks it no offence, if from his Lip
 She snatch an harmless bliss, if her fond clip
 With loose embraces oft his Neck surround,
 And love is yet in debts of Nature drown'd.

But Love at length grows naughty by degrees,
 And now she likes, and strives her self to please:
 Well-drest she comes, & arms her Eyes with arts,
 Her Smiles with charms, and all the studied arts
 Which practis'd Love can teach to vanquish
 hearts.

Industrious now, the labours to be fair,

And envies all, whoever fairer are:

Yet knows she not, she loves, but still does grow,

Insensibly the thing, she does not know:

Strict honour yet her check'd desires does bind,

And modest thoughts, on this side wish confin'd:

Only within the sooths her pleasing flames,

And now, the hated terms of Blood disclaims:

Brother sounds harsh; she the unpleasing word

Strives to forget, and oftner calls him *Lord*:

And when the name of *Sister* grates her ear,

Could wish't unsaid, and rather *Byblis* hear.

Nor dare she yet with waking thoughts admit

A wanton hope: but when returning night

With Sleep's soft gentle spell her Senses charms,

Kind fancy often brings him to her Arms:

In them she oft does the lov'd Shadow seem

To grasp, and joys, yet blushes too in Dream.

She wakes, and long in wonder silent lies,

And thinks on her late pleasing Extasies:

Now

Now likes, and now abhors her guilty flame,
By turns abandon'd to her Love, and Shame;
At length her struggling thoughts an utterance
find,

And vent the wild disorders of her mind.

"Ah me! (she cries) kind Heaven avert! what
means

"This boading form, that nightly rides my dream

"Grant 'em untrue! why should lewd hope
bring

"Ah! why was this too charming Vision seen?

"'Tis true, by the most envious wretch, that sees

"He's own'd all fair, and lovely, own'd a prize

"Worthy the conquest of the brightest eyes

"A prize that wou'd my high'st Ambition fill,

"All I could wish; — but he's my brother still

"That cruel word for ever must disjoyn,

"Nor can I hope, but thus, to have him mine

"Since then I waking never must possess,

"Let me in sleep at least enjoy the bliss

"And sure nice Vertue can't forbid me this:

"Kind

"Kind sleep does no malicious spirit admit,
 "Yet yields a lively semblance of delight
 "Gods! what's some of joy was that! how fast
 "I clasp'd the Vision to my parting breath!
 "With what fierce bounds I sprung to meet my
 "bliss,
 "While my rapt soul flew out in every kiss!
 "Till breathless, faint, and softly sunk away,
 "I all dissolv'd in reeking pleasures lay!
 "How sweet is the remembrance yet! though
 "night
 "Too hasty fled, drove on by envious light.
 "O that we might the Laws of Nature break!
 "How well would *Cannus* me an Husband make!
 "How well to Wife might he his *Byblis* take!
 "Wou'd God! in all things we had partners bin
 "Besides our Parents, and our fatal Kin:
 "Wou'd thou wert nobler, I more meanly born,
 "Then guiltless I'd despair'd, and suffer'd scorn:
 "Happy that Maid unknown, whose re shall prove
 "So blest, so envied to deserve thy love.

Un-

- " Unhappy me ! whom the same womb did joy,
 " Which now forbids me ever to be thine :
 " Curst fate ! that we alone in that agreed,
 " By which we ever must divided be.
 " And must we be ? what meant my Vision then
 " Are they, and all their dear presages vain ?
 " Have Dreams no credit, but with easie love ?
 " Or do they hit sometimes, and faithful prove ?
 " The Gods forbid ! yet those whom I invoke,
 " Have lov'd like me, have their own Sisters took
 " Great Saturn, and his greater Off-spring Jove,
 " Both stock'd their Heaven with Incestuous love,
 " Gods have their privilege : why do I strive
 " To strain my Hopes to their Prerogative ?
 " No, let me banish this forbidden fire,
 " Or quench it with my Blood, and with't expire
 " Unstain'd in honour, and unburt in fame,
 " Let the Grave bury my Love, and Shame :
 " But when at my last hour I gasping lie,
 " Let only my kind Murderer be by :

"Let him, while I breath out my soul in sighs;

"Or gaz't away, look on with pitying eyes :

"Let him (for sure he can't deny me this)

"Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kiss.

"Besides, 'twere vain should I alone agree

"To what anothers Will must ratifie;

"Cou'd I be so abandon'd to consent ;

"What I have pass for good and innocent,

"He may perhaps as worst of Crimes resent.

"Yet we amongst our Race examples find

"Of Brothers, who have been to Sisters kind :

"Fam'd *Canace* cou'd thus successful prove,

"Cou'd Crown her wishes in a Brother's love.

"But whence cou'd I these instances produce?

"How came I witty to my ruin thus?

"Whither will this mad frenzy hurry on?

"Hence, hence, you naughty flames, far hence
be gone,

"Nor let me e're the shameful Passion own.

" And

"And yet should he address, I should forgive

"I fear, I fear, I should his suit receive:

"Shall I therefore, who should not love, disclose

"Offer'd by him, not mine to make him known

"And gaud about speak? can shy hold tongue declare?

"Yes Love shall force, — and now methinks dare.

But 'lest fond modesty at length refuse,

"I will some sure, and better method choose

"A Letter shall my secret flames disclose,

"And hide my Blushes, but reveal their cause.

This takes, and 'tis resolv'd as soon as said,

With this she rais'd her self upon her bed,

And propping with her hand her leaning head.

"Happen what will (says she) I'll make him know

"What pains, what raging pains I undergo:

"Ah me! I rave! what tempests shake my breast

"And where? O where will this distraction rest

Trembling, her Thoughts endite, and oft her Eye

Looks back for fear of conscious spies too night

One hand her Paper, & other holds her Pen,

And Tears supply that Ink her Lines must drain.

Now she begins, now stops, and stopping frames
New doubts, now writes, and now her writing
damns.

She writes, defaces, alters, likes, and blames:

Off throws in haste her Pen, and Paper by,

Then takes 'em up again as hastily:

Unsteddily her resolves, fickle, and vain,

No sooner made, but strait unmade again:

What her desires would have, she does not know,

Displeas'd with all, what e're she goes to do:

At once contending, frame, and hope, and fear,

Wrack her tost mind, and in her looks appear.

Sister was wrote; but soon misguiding doubt

Recalls it, and the guilty word blots out.

Again she pauses, and again begins,

At length her Pen drops out these hasty Lines.

Kind

"Kind health, which you, and only you
grant.

"Which, if deny'd, she must for ever want ;

"To you your Lover sends : ah ! blushing Shame

"In silence bids her Paper hide her name :

"Would God the fatal Message might be done

"Without annexing it, nor *Byblis* known,

"E're blest success her hopes, and wishes crown

"And had I now my smother'd grief conceal'd

"It might by tokens past have been reveal'd :

"A thousand proofs were ready to impart

"The inward anguish of my wounded heart :

"Oft, as your sight a sudden blush did raise,

"My blood came up to meet you at my face :

"Oft (if you call to mind) my longing Eyes

"Betray'd in looks my souls too thin disguise :

"Think how their Tears, think how my heav'n
Breast

"Oft in deep sighs some cause unknown confess

"Think how these Arms did oft with fierce em-
brace,

kind

"Eag

- "Eager as my desires, about you press:
 "These Lips too, when they cou'd so happy
 prove,
 "(Had you but mark'd) with close warm kisses
 strove
 "To whisper something more than Sisters Love.
 "And yet, though rankling grief my mind di-
 stress,
 "Tho raging flames within burn up my breast,
 "Long time I did the mighty pain endure,
 "Long strove to bring the fierce disease to cure:
 "Witness, ye cruel Pow'rs, who did inspire
 "This strange, this fatal, this resistless fire,
 "Witness, what pains (for you alone can know)
 "This helpless wretch to quench't did undergo:
 "A thousand Racks, and Martyrdoms, and more
 "Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore:
 "O'rematch'd in pow'r at last, I'm forc'd to yield,
 "And to the conqu'ring God resign the field;
 "To you, dear cause of all, I make address,
 "From you with humble pray'rs I beg redress:

K

You

- " You rule alone my arbitrary fate,
 " And life, and death on your disposal wait;
 " Ordain, as you think fit; deny, or grant,
 " Yet know no stranger is your suppliant.
 " But she, who, tho to you by Bloodallied
 " In nearest bonds, in nearer wou'd be tied.
 " Let doting age debate of Law, and Right,
 " And gravely state the bounds of just, and fit;
 " Whose Wisdom's but their Envy, to destroy
 " And bar those pleasures, which they can't enjoy:
 " Our blooming years, more sprightly, and more
 " gay,
 " By Nature we're design'd for love and play:
 " Youth knows no check, but leaps weak Vertue's
 " fence,
 " And briskly hunts the noble chase of Sense;
 " Without dull thinking we enjoyment trace,
 " And call that lawful, whatsoe're does please.
 " Nor will our guilt want instances alone,
 " 'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done;

" Let's

" Let's follow where those great examples went,
 " Nor think that Sin, where Heaven's a precedent.

" Let neither awe of Fathers frowns, nor
 shame

" For ought that can be told by blabbing fame

" Nor any gallier fantom, fear can frame,

" Frighten or stop us in our way to bliss,

" But boldly let us rush on happiness :

" Where glorious hazards shall enhance delight,

" And that, that makes it dangerous, make it great:

" Relation too, which does our fault increase,

" Will serve that fault the better to disguise?

" That lets us now in private often meet

" Bless'd opportunities for stoln delight :

" In publick often we embrace, and kiss,

" And fear no jealous, no suspecting eyes.

" How little more remains for me to crave!

" How little more for you to give! O save

" A wretched Maid undone by Love, and you,

" Who does in tears, and dying accents sue;

"Who bleeds that Passion, she had ne're reveal'd,

"If not by Love, Almighty Love compell'd:

"Nor ever let her mournful Tomb complain,

"*Here Byblis lies, kill'd by your cold disclaim.*

Here forc'd to end, for want of room, not will

To add, her lines the crowded Margin fill,

Nor space allow for more: she trembling, folds

The Paper, which her shameful Message holds;

And sealing, as she wept with boading fear,

She wet her Signet with a falling Tear.

This done, a trusty Messenger she call'd,

And in kind words the whisper'd Errand told:

"Go, carry this with faithful care, she said,

"To my dear,——there she paus'd a while, and
staid,

And by and by—*Brother*——was heard to add: }

As she deliver'd it with her commands,

The Letter fell from out her trembling hands,

Dismay'd with the ill *Omen*, she anew

Doubted success, and held, yet bad him go.

He goes, and after quick admission got
 To *Cannus* hands the fatal secret brought:
 Soon as the doubtful Youth a glance had cast
 On the first lines, and guest by them the rest,
 Strait horror, and amazement fill'd his breast:
 Impatient with his rage, he could not stay
 To see the end, but threw't half read away:
 Scarce could his hands the trembling wretch for-
 bear,
 Nor did his tongue those angry threatnings spare:
 "Fly hence, nor longer my chaf'd fury trust,
 "Thou cursed Pander of detested Lust;
 "Fly quickly hence, and to thy swiftness owe
 "Thy life, a forfeit to my vengeance due:
 "Which, had not danger of my Honour cross'd,
 "Thou'dst paid by this, and been sent back a Ghost,
 He the rough orders strait obeys, and bears
 The killing news to wretched *Byblis* ears;
 Like striking Thunder the fierce tidings stun,
 And to her heart quicker than lightning run:

The frighted blood forsakes her ghastly face,
 And a short death doth every Member seize:
 But soon as sense returns, her frenzy too
 Returns, and in these words breaks forth anew.

“And justly serv’d;—for why did foolish I

“Consent to make this rash discovery?”

“Why did I thus in hasty lines reveal

“That dang’rous secret, Honour wou’d conceal?”

“I shou’d have first with art disguis’d the hook,

“And seen how well the gawdy bait had took,

“And found him hung at least before I strook:

“From shore I shou’d have first descri’d the wind

“Whether ’twould prove to my adventure kind,

“E’re I to untry’d Seas my self resign’d:

“Now dash’d on Rocks, unable to retire,

“I must i’t’h wreck of all my hopes expire,

“And was not I by tokens plain enough

“Fore-warn’d to quit my inauspicious Love?

“Did not the Fates my ill success foretell,

“When from my hands th’ unhappy Letter fell?”

" So should my hopes have done, and my design;
 " That, or the day should then have alter'd been;
 " But rather the unlucky day; when Heaven
 " Such ominous proofs of its dislike had given;
 " And so it had; had not mad Passion sway'd,
 " And Reason been by blinder Love misled.
 " Besides (alas!) I should my self have gone;
 " Nor made my Pen a proxy to my Tongue;
 " Much more I could have spoke, much more have
 told,
 " Than a short Letter's narrow room would hold:
 " He might have seen my looks, my wishing Eyes
 " My melting Tears, and heard my begging Sighs;
 " About his Neck I could have flung my Arms,
 " And been all over Love, all over Charms;
 " Grasp'd, and hung on his Knees, and there have
 dyed,
 " There breath'd my gasping Soul out, if denied:
 " This and ten thousand things I might have done
 " To make my Passion with advantage known;

K 2

" Which

- "Which if they each could not have bent his mind,
"Yet surely all had forc'd him to be kind.
"Perhaps he, whom I sent, was too in fault;
"Nor rightly tim'd his Message, as he ought;
"I fear he went in some ill-chosen hour,
"When cloudy weather made his temper lour.
"Not those calm seasons of the mind, which prove,
"The fittest to receive the seeds of Love;
"These things have ruin'd me; for doubtless he
"Is made of humane flesh, and blood, like me;
"He suck'd no Tygers sure, nor Mountain Bear,
"Nor does his Breast relentless Marble wear.
"He must, he shall consent, again I'll try,
"And try again, if he again deny:
"No scorn, no harsh repulse, or rough defeat
"Shall ever my desire, or hopes rebate.
"My earnest suits shall never give him rest,
"While Life, and Love more durable, shall last:
"Alive I'll press, till breath in pray'rs be lost,
"And after come a kind beseeching Ghost.

"For,

" For, if I might, what I have done, recall,
 " The first point were, not to have don't at all;
 " But since 'tis done, the second to be gain'd
 " Is now to have, what I have fought, attain'd:
 " For he, though I should now my wishes quit,
 " Can never my unchast attempts forget:
 " Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I
 " By slightly asking, taught him to deny;
 " Or that I tempted him with wily fraud,
 " And snares for his unwary honour laid:
 " Or, what I sent (and the belief were just)
 " Were not th' efforts of Love, but shameful
 Lust.
 " In fine, I now dare any thing that's ill;
 " I've writ, I have solicited, *my will
 " Has been debauch'd; and shou'd I thus give
 out,
 " I cannot chaste, and innocent be thought:
 " Much there is wanting still to be fulfill'd,
 " Much to my wish, but little to my guilt.

She

She spoke ; but such is her unsettled mind,
It shifts from thought to thought, like veering
wind,

Now to this point, and now to that inclin'd :

What she could wish had unattempted been :

She strait is eager to attempt agen :

What she repents, she acts ; and now lets loose

The reins to Love, nor any bounds allows,

Repulse upon repulse unmov'd she bears,

And still sues on, while she her suit despairs.

A S A

A
SATYR

*Upon a WOMAN, who by her Falshood and
 Scorn was the Death of my Friend.*

NO she shall ne're escape, if Gods there
 be,
 Unless they perjur'd grow, and false
 as she;

Though no strange Judgment yet the Murd'ers
 feize

To punish her, and quit the partial Skies:

Though no revenging lightning yet has flash'd

From thence; that might her criminal beauties
 blast:

Tho they in their old lustre still prevail,

By no disease, nor guilt it self made pale.

Guilt

Guilt, which should blackest *Moors* themselves
but own,

Would make through all their night new blush
dawn:

Though that kind soul, who now augments the
blest,

Thither too soon by her unkindness chas'd.

(Where may it be her small'st, and lightest doorn,
(For that's not half my curse) never to come)

Though he, when prompted by the high'st de-
spair,

Ne're mention'd her without an Hymn, or
Prayer,

And could by all her scorn be forc'd no more
Than Martyrs to revile what they adore.

Who, had he curst her with his dying breath;
Had done but just, and Heaven had forgave:

Tho ill-made Law no Sentence has ordain'd

For her, no Statute has her Guilt arraign'd.

(For Hangmen, Womens Scorn, and Doctors
skill,

All by a licenc'd way of murder kill.)

Tho

Tho she from Justice of all these go free
 And boast perhaps in her success, and cry,
 'Twas but a little harmless perjury :
 Yet think she not, she still secure shall prove,
 Or that none dare avenge an injur'd Love :
 I rise in Judgement, am to be to her
 Both Witness, Judge, and Executioner :
 Arm'd with dire Satyr, and resentful spite,
 I come to haunt her with the ghosts of Wit.
 My Ink unbid starts out, and flies on her,
 Like blood upon some touching murderer :
 And shou'd that fail, rather than want, I wou'd,
 Like Haggs, to curse her, write in my own blood.

Ye spiteful pow'rs (if any there can be,
 That boast a worse, and keener spite than I)
 Assist with Malice, and your mighty aid
 My sworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her
 dead :
 Grant I may fix such brands of Infamy,
 So plain, so deeply grav'd on her, that she,

Her

Her Skill, Patches, nor Paint, all joyn'd can hide
And which shall lasting as her Soul abide:

Grant my strong hate may such strong poison catch
That every breath may taint, and rot, and blast,
Till one large Gangrene quite o'rspread her fame
With foul contagion; till her odious name,
Spit at, and curst by every mouth like mine,
Be terror to her self, and all her line.

Vilest of that viler Sex, who damn'd us all!
Ordain'd to cause, and plague us for our fall!
W O M A N! nay worse! for she can nought
said,

But Mummy by some Dev'l inhabited:
Not made in Heaven's Mint, but base coin'd,
She wears an humane image stamp't on Fiend;
And whoso Marriage would with her contract,
Is Witch by Law, and that a meer compact:
Her Soul (if any Soul in her there be)
By Hell was breath'd into her in a lye,
And its whole stock of falshood there was lent,
As if hereafter to be true it meant:

Bawd Nature taught her jilting, when she made
 And by her make, design'd her for the trade :
 Hence 'twas she daub'd her with a painted Face,
 That she at once might better cheat, and please :
 All those gay charming looks, that court the eye,
 Are but an ambush to hide treachery ;
 Mischief adorn'd with pomp, and smooth disguise,
 A painted skin stuff'd full of guile and lyes ;
 Within a gawdy Case, a nasty Soul,
 Like T—— of quality in a gilt Close-stool :
 Such on a Cloud those flatt'ring colours are,
 Which only serve to dress a Tempest fair.
 So Men upon this Earth's fair surface dwell,
 Within are Fiends, and at the center Hell :
 Court-promises, the Leagues, which States-men
 make
 With more convenience, and more ease to break,
 The Faith, a Jesuit in allegiance swears,
 Or a Town-jilt to keeping Coxcombs bears,
 Are firm, and certain all, compar'd with hers :

Early

Early in falshood, at her Font she lied,
And should ev'n then for Perjury been tried:
Her Conscience stretch'd, and open as the Stew,
But laughs at Oaths, and plays with solemn Vow,
And at her mouth swallows down perjur'd
breath,

More glib than bits of Lechery beneath:
Less serious known, when she doth most protest,
Than thoughts of arrantest Buffoons in jest:
More cheap, than the vile mercenariest Squire,
That plies for Half-crown Fees at *Westminster*,
And trades in staple Oaths, and Swears to hire:
Less Guilt than hers, less breach of Oath, and
Word

Has stood aloft, and look'd through Penance
board;

And he that trusts her in a Death-bed Prayer,
Has Faith to merit, and save any thing, but her.

But since her Guilt description does out-go;
I'll try if it out-strip my Curses too;

Curses

Curles, which may they equal my just hate,
My wish, and her desert, be each so great,
Each heard like Pray'rs, and Heaven make 'em
fate.

First, for her Beauties, which the Mischief
brought,

May she affected, they be borrow'd thought,
By her own hand, not that of Nature wrought:

Her Credit, Honour, Portion, Health, and those
Prove light, and frail, as her broke Faith, and Vows.

Some bale unnam'd Disease, her Carcass foul,
And make her Body ugly, as her Soul.

Cankers, and Ulcers eat her, till she be,
Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like Infamy.

Strength quite expir'd, may she alone retain
The snuff of Life, may that unquench'd remain,

As in the damn'd, to keep her fresh for pain:

Hot Lust light on her, and the plague of Pride
On that, this ever scorn'd, as that denied:

Ach, Anguish, horror, grief, dishonour, shame
Pursue at once her body, soul, and fame:

L

If

If e're the Devil-love must enter her
(For nothing sure but Fiends can enter there)
May she a just and true tormenter find,
And that like an ill-conscience rack her mind:
Be some Diseas'd, and ugly wretch her fate,
She doom'd to love of one, whom all else hate,
May he hate her, and may her destiny
Be to despair, and yet love on, and die;
Or to invent some wittier punishment,
May he, to plague her, out of spite consent;
May the old fumbler, though disabled quite,
Have strength to give her Claps, but no delight,
May he of her unjustly jealous be
For one that's worse, and uglier far than he;
May's Impotence balk, and torment her lust,
Yet scarcely her to dreams, or wishes trust:
Forc'd to be chaste, may she suspected be,
Shake none o'th' Pleasure, all the Infamy;

In fine, that I all curses may compleat
(For I've but curs'd in jest, raillied you)
Whate're the Sex deserves, or feels, or fears,
May all those plagues be hers, and only hers;
Whate're great Favourites turn'd out of doors,
Scorn'd Lovers, bilk'd and disappointed Whores,
Or losing Gamesters vent, what Curses e're
Are spoke by sinners raving in despair;
All those fall on her, as they're all her due,
Till spite can't think, nor Heav'n inflict anew:
May then (for once I will be kind, and pray)
No madness take her use of Sense away;
But may she in full strength of Reason be,
To feel, and understand her misery;
Plagu'd so, till she think damning a release,
And humbly pray to go to Hell for ease:
Yet may not all these sufferings here atone
Her sin, and may she still go sinning on,

Tick up in Perjury, and run o'th Score,
Till on her Soul she can get trust no more!

Then may she Stupid, and Repentless die,
And Heav'n it self forgive no more than I,
But so be damn'd of meer necessity,

F I N I S
